

BBC

DOCTOR WHO

258: WARZONE - CONVERSION

by CHRIS CHAPMAN - GUY ADAMS

Recording Script: Thursday 7th and Friday 8th March 2019

THE MOAT STUDIOS, LADBROKE GROVE

CAST OF CHARACTERS

THE DOCTOR	PETER DAVISON
NYSSA	SARAH SUTTON
TEGAN JOVANKA	JANET FIELDING (avail. 7th March Only)
MARC / CYBER-MAINFRAME	GEORGE WATKINS
HERB	TBC (7th March)
FLORENCE / CREASEY	LIZ SUTHERLAND-LIM (7th March)
CYBER LEADER	DAVID BANKS (8th March)
CYBER-LIEUTENANT / RUNNER BOB STEWARD 2	MARK HARDY (8th March)
ESMA / COMBATA / DRONES	TBC (8th March)
MORRIS / VICTIM / STEWARD / CYBERMAN	TIMOTHY BLORE (8th March)
RUNNER MIKE / COMMENTATOR / ANDROID SPECTATOR / TANNOY	SILAS CARSON (8th March)

ADDITIONAL

WILDTRACKS: Runners, Cybermen

PRODUCER/DIRECTOR: SCOTT HANDCOCK

SCRIPT EDITOR: GUY ADAMS

EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS: NICHOLAS BRIGGS & JASON HAIGH-ELLERY

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PART ONE

MUSIC: OPENING THEME

SCENE 1 **EXT. WARZONE (TARDIS)**

FX: DISTANT EXPLOSIONS, FIRE, SCREAMS, THE TARDIS MATERIALISES
TEGAN EMERGES

TEGAN

Beautiful, absolutely beautiful. He's excelled himself.
Really.

FX: NYSSA EMERGES

NYSSA

You're using your sarcastic voice.

TEGAN

Hey, it comes in handy - travelling with the Doctor.

NYSSA

Goodness, what a place...

TEGAN

And what a stink!

FX: EXPLOSIONS, MARC EMERGES FROM THE TARDIS

MARC

The stench of battle... fire and blood.

NYSSA

(SQUELCHING) And mud, bright red mud - a great deal of it!

FX: DOCTOR EMERGES, LOCKING THE TARDIS

DOCTOR

Now, now, Nyssa, mud can be rather wonderful - take the Soil
Spits of Po, sometimes hailed as - (SEES THE DEVASTATION) Ah.

FX: DISTANT EXPLOSIONS

TEGAN

Why don't we go there instead then? That'd be nice. Nicer than
pitching up in the middle of a war.

FX: DOCTOR MOVES FORWARD

DOCTOR

A valley of crimson trenches. Fires burning into a charcoal sky. (SIGHS) I have spent altogether too much time looking at war.

FX: EXPLOSIONS, SCREAMS

MARC

The battle seems quite a distance away. Do you think we're safe here?

DOCTOR

Perhaps. This looks to be some kind of supply road, cut through the mud.

NYSSA

What planet is this, Doctor?

DOCTOR

I'm not familiar with the landscape. We shall have to ask a passer-by!

FX: MARC VENTURES AHEAD

MARC

Listen...

TEGAN

What?

FX: TINIEST MURMUR OF DISTANT FOOTSTEPS

MARC

Do you hear that?

TEGAN

Explosions, fire, screaming, that sort of thing?

MARC

No, there's something else - just on the teeth of the wind..

FX: WE MOVE AWAY FROM THE PREVIOUS ATMOS, CROSSING INTO THE HEART OF THE ACTION - LOUDER WIND, FIRES, EXPLOSIONS, MANY FOOTSTEPS RUNNING THROUGH MUD.

SCENE 2

EXT. WARZONE (ESMA)

RUNNER WILDTRACK
(SCREAMS)

ESMA

(RUNNING) Come on you lot, pick up the pace - let's get this done!!

RUNNER WILDTRACK
(NOISY CHEERS)

ESMA

(RUNNING) Only a bit of mud - we've had worse!

COMMENTATOR (D.)

(HEARD THROUGH RUNNERS' WATCHES) All combatants - you have a neon warning - enjoy!

ESMA

(RUNNING) Hey! Up on your right, watch out for that-- [LASER!]

FX: LOUD LASER BLAST.

VICTIM

(SCREAMS)

ESMA

(RUNNING) Well, that's your PB right out the window...

FX: WE SPEED AHEAD ACROSS THE NOISY SOUNDSCAPE, CROSSING BACK TO THE DOCTOR AND FRIENDS.

SCENE 3

EXT. WARZONE (TARDIS)

FX: THE SOUND OF 'BATTLE' A LITTLE LOUDER FOR THEM NOW, BUT QUIETER THAN PREVIOUS SCENE

NYSSA

Doctor – look at this.

FX: METAL SIGN SWAYING

DOCTOR

'Twenty Miles'...

NYSSA

Not the most helpful signage. Twenty miles to where?

DOCTOR

Or from where...

FX: 'ZZZZAAAP!', ELECTRICAL BARRIER BLOCKS THEM FROM THE TARDIS

MARC

Did you see that??

TEGAN

Somebody's fenced off the TARDIS!

FX: BARRIER PULSES, DOCTOR INSPECTS

DOCTOR

Now, my pulsating friend, what are you supposed to be...?

FX: HE TOUCHES IT, GETS A SHOCK

DOCTOR

Ow!

TEGAN

Hey, maybe don't stick your hand in the electric fence?

DOCTOR

(SUCKING THUMB) High voltage webbing. Someone's activated a barrier running... right the way along this channel. (QUIETLY) Hang on, old girl, we'll get you out.

NYSSA

(NEARBY) Doctor – it's on this side of the path too...

MARC

We're being fenced in – caught in a trap!

DOCTOR

No, I don't think so... look at the positioning – two long lines, with us in the middle. Not a very effective cage without a top and bottom.

FX: FOOTSTEPS ARE LOUDER

MARC

You must hear that now.

DOCTOR

Yes, I'm afraid I do.

NYSSA

What is it?

FX: NOISE BECOMING THUNDEROUS

DOCTOR

Footsteps.

TEGAN

Footsteps?! There'd have to be a thousand feet to make a racket like that!

DOCTOR

That's probably quite accurate. Look!

FX: RUNNING GETTING CLOSER; GRUNTING, GASPING RUNNERS

TEGAN

Aw, rabbits.

NYSSA

It's a stampede!!

MARC

A colossal army...

TEGAN

Heading right at us!

DOCTOR

That is no army. And this is no war.

TEGAN

What??

FX: NOISE CLOSER

DOCTOR

If I'm not mistaken, this is a track and those are its runners. (EXCITED) We've arrived in the middle of a gigantic race!

TEGAN

WHAT?! What sort of race has explosions and screaming??

DOCTOR

A tad more dramatic than the average egg and spoon dash, granted.

NYSSA

Doctor, we need to get out of here!

DOCTOR

(REALISING SEVERITY) Yes... I think you may be right. But where to go...?

MARC

We're penned in! Like animals!

FX: VERY LOUD RUNNING!

RUNNER WILDTRACK

(OFF, SHOUTING) Oi, up ahead! / Clear the track! / Don't hold us up!

DOCTOR

I think this may be a case of the old adage – if you can't beat them... (HE RUNS IN OPPOSITE DIRECTION)

TEGAN

You're running away??

DOCTOR

(OFF) Not away, just swimming with the tide! Come on – all of you – best foot forward! RUN!!

FX: RUNNERS ARE SUDDENLY UPON THEM, EVERYWHERE!

RUNNER MIKE

Out of the way!

NYSSA

Doctor!

DOCTOR

(SHOUTING) Meet at the finish line! (BECOMING MORE DISTANT)
Maybe they hand out t-shirts, or medals... or a banana!

MARC

You heard the man. (STARTS RUNNING) It's run with the stampede
or be trampled beneath the elephants!

TEGAN

Hey, I'm not exactly dressed for this, you know!

MARC

(MORE DISTANT) I don't think you have any choice!

TEGAN

Deep breath, Tegan – and off we go! (SHE RUNS) Come on, Nyssa!

NYSSA

Are we sure about this? Really??

FX: NYSSA IS BARGED BY A RUNNER

NYSSA

Ouch!

RUNNER BOB

Don't just stand there!!

NYSSA

Alright, alright – I'm running! (STARTS RUNNING) I am
running!!

SCENE 4

EXT. WARZONE (ESMA)

FX: RUNNERS, EXPLOSIONS

COMMENTATOR (D.)

(VIA WATCHES) This is going out to every combatant in Sector Q. You are twenty miles in, six to go! Come on, grit those teeth and give me a great big 'WARZONE'!

ESMA & RUNNER WILDTRACK

(SHOUT) WARZONE!

COMMENTATOR (D.)

I can't hear you!

ESMA & RUNNER WILDTRACK

(LOUDER) WAR ZOOOOOOOONE!

COMMENTATOR (D.)

You lot sound pretty awesome - stay alive out there!

ESMA

(RUNNING) You heard him - six to go! We can do this!!

CROSS TO...

SCENE 5

EXT. WARZONE (TEGAN) - CONT

FX: TEGAN RUNNING, CHAOS AROUND HER

TEGAN

(RUNNING) What are you lot supposed to be?

FX: WHIR OF ROBOT SPECTATORS FROM SIDELINES

ANDROID SPECTATOR

Go on runner – go on runner – go on runner!

TEGAN

(RUNNING) Robot spectators?! That's mad!

ANDROID SPECTATOR

Go on runner!

FX: MECHANICAL WHIRRING – ONE OF THE ROBOTS IS SUDDENLY RUNNING ALONGSIDE HER

TEGAN

(LITTLE SCREAM OF SHOCK) Hey, little space here, please!

ANDROID SPECTATOR

(RUNNING) Safety risk identified!

TEGAN

(RUNNING) What??

ANDROID SPECTATOR

(RUNNING) Your shoes.

TEGAN

(RUNNING) My shoes?? What about them?

ANDROID SPECTATOR

(RUNNING) Jagged edges classify them as potential weapons.

TEGAN

(RUNNING) That's about right, the way they're digging into me!

ANDROID SPECTATOR

(SLOWING) Please accept this emergency footwear from our sponsors.

FX: A PAIR OF RUNNING SHOES EMERGE ROBOTICALLY FROM THE ANDROID

TEGAN

(STOPS RUNNING) You keep trainers in your stomach, just in case??

ANDROID SPECTATOR

Affirmative.

FX: A BACKPACK EMERGES FROM ITS CHEST

ANDROID SPECTATOR

Please wear this personal unit to store your jagged shoes.

TEGAN

And backpacks too? Thanks! Me and these heels have been through a lot! (TAKING OFF HER SHOES) But I'll admit, they may not be the best fit for this crazy place – gimme them trainers.

SCENE 6

EXT. WARZONE (DOCTOR) - CONT

FX: DOCTOR RUNNING, EXPLOSION, DOCTOR ALMOST BUMPS INTO ESMA

ESMA

(RUNNING) Hey, watch where you're running!

DOCTOR

(RUNNING) Oh, I am sorry – I'm still trying to get my bearings...

ESMA

(RUNNING) Really? Twenty miles in??

DOCTOR

(RUNNING) Yes, well, between you and me...

FX: EXPLOSION NEARBY

DOCTOR

(RUNNING) ...I'm finding all the explosions a little distracting.

ESMA

(RUNNING) Oh, really? I love it! A little danger at your heels keeps you on your toes!

DOCTOR

(RUNNING) Yes, I've experienced that once or twice but never in as grand an arena as this!

ESMA

(RUNNING) Not bad is it? You finish this WarZone and you'll be the toast of Semotus!

DOCTOR

(RUNNING) 'WarZone' is very apt. And 'Semotus'? I'm guessing you're an Earth colony? The air feels... terraformed?

ESMA

(RUNNING) Yeah... what kind of question is that?

DOCTOR

(RUNNING) I find it comforting to hear things I already know! I'm the Doctor, by the way.

ESMA

(RUNNING) Esma.

DOCTOR

(RUNNING) Good to meet you, Esma. You don't mind if I run with you?

ESMA

(RUNNING – DIFFERENT TONE TO HER VOICE, VAGUELY ROBOTIC) I... I... I shouldn't compromise my...

DOCTOR

(RUNNING) Oh, I'm sorry if I've – (BEEN IMPOLITE)

ESMA

(RUNNING, GETTING BACK TO NORMAL) No... actually... it's ok – I don't mind a chat – of course you can run with me. Some people get a bit funny about it – but any distraction's a relief.

DOCTOR

(RUNNING) I'm rather fond of distractions myself.

FX: RUNNERS PASS THEM – INCLUDING MARC

DOCTOR

Oh! There goes a friend of mine – (SHOUTING) Marc!

ESMA

(RUNNING) Your friend has pace!

DOCTOR

(RUNNING) Yes, fresh legs, I imagine. (SHOUTING) Marc!!
(PAUSE) It's no good – why is he in such a hurry?

ESMA

(RUNNING) Well, it is a race!

DOCTOR

(RUNNING) You know... I think he's showing off. (QUIETLY)
Secondary cardio-vascular system and you don't see me showing off like that...

SCENE 7

EXT. WARZONE (MARC)

FX: MARC RUNNING, EXPLOSIONS

MARC

(RUNNING) This place is... incredible!

FX: THERE IS THE SOUND OF SOMEONE SLIPPING DOWN A MUDDY SLOPE TOWARDS MARC

TEGAN

(RUNNING) That's not quite the word I'd use!

FX: TEGAN REJOINS THE TRACK ALONGSIDE HIM

MARC

(RUNNING) Tegan! Where did you come from??

TEGAN

(RUNNING) Hey, you're using your legs, I'm using my eyes – and some smart new trainers – I just took a couple of short-cuts, that's all!

MARC

That hardly seems in the spirit of the thing.

TEGAN

(RUNNING) Someone's got to keep an eye on you, racing off like James Hunt! Go at my pace from now on, right?

MARC

(RUNNING) Tegan, did you see those banners? 'Be Your Best', how can we refuse?! This race is a glorious test!

TEGAN

(RUNNING) Nuts. You've gone nuts! (LOOKING AROUND) And I can't even see the Doctor...

MARC

(RUNNING) We shall wait for him and Nyssa at the finish line!

TEGAN

(RUNNING) Nyssa! I hope she's ok...

SCENE 8 **EXT. WARZONE (NYSSA)**

FX: NYSSA BARGED BY RUNNERS

NYSSA

(RUNNING) Excuse me, sorry, beg your pardon – oh, this is exhausting. Just – just go past me, alright? I’m slow!!

FX: RUNNERS PASS

NYSSA

(RUNNING) What a horrible place..

FX: SOFT PADDING OF A DINOSAUR-LIKE MASCOT

MORRIS

(RUNNING, MUFFLED) You alright, Miss?

NYSSA

(RUNNING) Ah! Hello.

MORRIS

(RUNNING) Just thought you might be in a bit of bother?

NYSSA

(RUNNING) Yes, well, I’m not really accustomed to this kind of thing, but... I’m... I’m...

MORRIS

(RUNNING) You’re staring, a bit.

NYSSA

(RUNNING) Yes, I suppose I am. Today’s been quite strange. So you being a talking green monster shouldn’t come as too much of a surprise.

MORRIS

(RUNNING) I’m a Krybrax! Not too hot on your your native Semotosans, hey?

NYSSA

(RUNNING) Evidently not! That’s a costume then, is it?

MORRIS

(RUNNING) Well, a real Krybrax isn’t made out of paper mache, is it? And it’s about 20ft taller than I am too!

NYSSA

(RUNNING) I suppose it must be. So... why...?

MORRIS

(RUNNING) Sponsored run! Care to donate? (RATTLES TIN) Though, between you and me, I'm regretting the costume – I'm not in the best of shape and this thing is blummin' hot!

NYSSA

(RUNNING) Well, I think you make a lovely... Krybrax!

MORRIS

(RUNNING) Kind of you to say. My name's Morris – what's yours?

NYSSA

(RUNNING) Nyssa. Nice to meet you, Morris the Krybrax.

COMMENTATOR (D.)

(VIA MORRIS' WATCH) Sector R has swiveled, which means our back-markers are approaching a new obstacle – can they leap... the Pit?

MORRIS

(RUNNING) Oh blimey...

NYSSA

(RUNNING) I'm sorry, was that voice coming from your watch?

MORRIS

(RUNNING) Is your Salus on mute?

NYSSA

(RUNNING) I... suppose it must be!

MORRIS

(RUNNER) So I'm going to need your help.

NYSSA

(RUNNING) Why's that?

MORRIS

(RUNNING) Krybraxes aren't so good at jumping – and there's a fifty foot drop up ahead!

NYSSA

(RUNNING) I beg your pardon??!

SCENE 9

EXT. WARZONE (DOCTOR)

FX: DOCTOR AND ESMA RUNNING

ESMA

(RUNNING) So what kind of time are you after?

DOCTOR

(RUNNING) Oh, I'm quite flexible about time. Very flexible. Why don't I just aim for what you're aiming for?

ESMA

(RUNNING) You're ambitious - I'm chasing a PB. So you'd better keep up!

DOCTOR

(RUNNING) PB... Personal Best?

ESMA

(RUNNING) Qualification or bust.

DOCTOR

(RUNNING) Oh? Qualification for what?

ESMA

(RUNNING) You really have lost your bearings, haven't you?

FX: RUMBLING AND GRINDING OF GEARS UP AHEAD

DOCTOR

(RUNNING) Hold on - do you see that?

ESMA

(RUNNING) Yeah, so what? (HER TONE CHANGES) Do not... slow down...

DOCTOR

(RUNNING) Up ahead - the track is moving!

FX: RUMBLING

ESMA

(RUNNING) We... we can't slow down...

DOCTOR

(RUNNING) Esma, are you alright?

ESMA

(RUNNING, TONE CHANGES BACK) I'm ok.

DOCTOR

(RUNNING) Look – it's as if someone's rotating in a new route!

FX: RUMBLING STOPS

ESMA

(RUNNING) Come on, that's just the adaptive circuits!

DOCTOR

(RUNNING) This course, it physically adapts to its runners?

ESMA

(RUNNING) Your mate up ahead's been lucky – he's rotated onto the most dangerous trail!

DOCTOR

(RUNNING) What??

ESMA

(RUNNING) We might see him again when the routes intersect. But he'll have a few nightmares before then!

DOCTOR

(RUNNING) Well then, best of luck, Marc.

SCENE 10

EXT. WARZONE (MARC & TEGAN)

FX: TEGAN AND MARC RUNNING

TEGAN

(RUNNING) You know, barring all the explosions and screaming, this isn't that different from the fun runs we have in Melbourne – just a bit more –

FX: 'ZAAAP' OF A LASER AHEAD

TEGAN

(SLOWING) BLIMEY!

MARC

(SLOWING) Tegan... what... is that??

TEGAN

A laser gun! In the middle of a marathon??

FX: IT ZAAPS AGAIN, THEN STOPS

TEGAN

And... it's stopped!

MARC

Quick, let's get past before it lights again.

TEGAN

Oh, no way, no way – that is how stupid people die horribly!

MARC

Come on!!

FX: HE GRABS HER

TEGAN

Oi! Get off!

FX: THEY RUN PAST THE LASER, BEHIND THEM, IT STARTS ZAPPING

MARC

There – your "laser gun" is easily evaded!

FX: ANOTHER 'ZAAAP!'

TEGAN

Watch out – it's back at it!

FX: LASER FRAZZLES A NEARBY RUNNER

RUNNER MIKE

ARGHHHHHHH!

TEGAN

Oh! That poor man!

MARC

We must help him!

FX: MAN STILL BEING ZAPPED

RUNNER MIKE

ARGHHGHHH! (CONTINUES UNDER DIALOGUE)

RUNNER BOB

Not nice, is it, Mike?

TEGAN

Hey, he's your mate, how can you say that??

RUNNER BOB

He'll be alright, just mucked up the timings, didn't he?

FX: THE ZAPPING FADES AWAY

RUNNER MIKE

ARGHH... Ah... ah... and that's about my limit, I reckon.

FX: PAL HELPS HIM UP

RUNNER BOB

You alright, mate?

RUNNER MIKE

Just about! No pain no gain.

MARC

But it was killing you!

RUNNER BOB

(RUNNING OFF) Don't be daft – they're not just going to murder us, are they?

TEGAN

Then why are "they" shooting us with lasers??

RUNNER MIKE

(RUNNING OFF) See you at the finish, losers!

MARC

Wait!

TEGAN

What... what just happened?

MARC

It's as if the gods knew how much pain he could endure... and spared him! Come on, Tegan, we must see more of this.

SCENE 11 **EXT. WARZONE (DOCTOR)**

FX: RUNNING, EXPLOSIONS

DOCTOR

(RUNNING) So you're all chasing a personal best, and this revolving racecourse adapts to... what?

ESMA

(RUNNING) To push us all to our limit – our absolute limit. Come on, you know this!

DOCTOR

(RUNNING) The toughest, hardest track you could ever race? For what exactly? For this 'Qualification'?

ESMA

(RUNNING) This may not apply to you, fancy pants, but some of us would quite like to improve the way we feel about ourselves. Look better, feel better, be better. Qualification is how we do that – it means we can turn professional, full-time training, unlimited tune-ups, it will change lives. It'll change my life!

DOCTOR

(RUNNING, TO HIMSELF) This is why I never got on with PE at the Academy... (TO ESMA) So from a big race like this, how many of you will qualify?

ESMA

(RUNNING) Oh. Everyone.

DOCTOR

(RUNNING) Everyone??

ESMA

(RUNNING) As long as you finish, you qualify.

COMMENTATOR (D.)

(ESMA'S WATCH) Calling all combatants! I've got some delicious danger for you!

DOCTOR

(RUNNING) He seems far too happy about that.

ESMA

(RUNNING) Shh!

COMMENTATOR (D.)

(ESMA'S WATCH) For our combatants mid-way through the field, it's time to release our Double A's!

ESMA

(RUNNING - EXCITED) Oh! Android Assailants!

DOCTOR

(RUNNING) Ah! I've had plenty of those.

COMMENTATOR (D.)

(ESMA'S WATCH) They've been cheering you on so far, but our electronic spectators are about to stage a track invasion!

DOCTOR

(RUNNING) Now, that is a new one.

FX: ELECTRONIC WHIR FROM ROBO-SPECTATORS

ANDROID SPECTATOR

Go on runner — go on... kzzk... (MORE VICIOUSLY) GO ON RUNNER — GO ON RUNNER!

FX: ROBOT SPECTATORS STOMP ONTO TRACK

ESMA

(RUNNING) Here they come!

DOCTOR

(RUNNING) And they seemed so supportive...

FX: ROBOTS CHASING ON ALL FOURS

ANDROID SPECTATOR

(CHASING) GO ON RUNNER — GO ON RUNNER!

SCENE 12

EXT. WARZONE (NYSSA)

FX: RUNNING

COMMENTATOR (D.)

(MORRIS' WATCH) Towards the back of the pack, an unlikely partnership – one female, one... Krybrax? – is gingerly approaching the Pit! I'm not feeling much confidence in this odd couple...

MORRIS

(TO NYSSA) Excuse me, Nyssa.

FX: ACTIVATES HIS WATCH COMM

MORRIS

(TO WATCH) Oi, any chance you could be a bit more encouraging?

COMMENTATOR (D.)

(VIA WATCH) Oh, I love it when a listener calls in! Krybrax man – best of luck to you!

MORRIS

(TO WATCH) Yeah, well, you're going on mute!

FX: MUTES WATCH, THEY STOP RUNNING, LOOKING INTO THE PIT – A WIND BLOWS, GRAVEL TUMBLING INTO THE HOLE AND LANDING SOME DISTANCE AWAY. WE BRIEFLY CROSS TO THE BOTTOM OF THE PIT.

MORRIS (ABOVE)

Oh. I feel sick just looking at it.

NYSSA (ABOVE)

That looks more than 50ft.

FX. WE CROSS BACK TO THEM.

MORRIS

Maybe they've made it deeper just for us. They can do that.

NYSSA

And there's no way around?

MORRIS

Nah, that's what the barriers are for.

NYSSA

Hold on. Why do we even need to do this? Let's just stop running and go home! That'd be easy – stop running – Yes! Problem solved!

MORRIS

Ha. Try it. Anyone who stops too long gets picked up by the sweeper – and that means disqualification, incarceration, public shaming...

NYSSA

Maybe that's better than killing ourselves out here??

MORRIS

Oi, nobody's getting killed. Now, go on, jump!

NYSSA

I go first??

MORRIS

Then you can help me over!

NYSSA

(CONVINCING HERSELF) Then I help you over...

FX: NYSSA TAKES A RUN UP

NYSSA

Oh Doctor... oh well. (RUNNING) Here... goes... nothing!

FX: SHE JUMPS, MAKES IT

NYSSA

Made it!!

MORRIS

Well done! Now, you have to catch me...

NYSSA

Um. Right. How heavy are you??

MORRIS

Pretty heavy – (RUN-UP) here... I... come! (HE LEAPS)

NYSSA

Whoah!

FX: HE FALLS ON NYSSA

NYSSA

Oof!!

MORRIS

We did it!

NYSSA

(FLATTENED, MUFFLED) Yep, did it... now, please get off...!

SCENE 13 **EXT. WARZONE (DOCTOR)**

FX: ROBO-SPECTATOR CHASING DOCTOR

ANDROID SPECTATOR

(RUNNING) GO ON RUNNER – GO ON RUNNER!

DOCTOR

(RUNNING) You're cheering me on, whilst trying to kill me – that's very considerate!

ANDROID SPECTATOR

(RUNNING) GO ON RUNNER – GO ON RUNNER!

FX: ANDROID POUNCES, DOCTOR STUMBLES IN THE MUD

DOCTOR

Oof! And there go the cricket whites.

ESMA

(OFF, RUNNING) Doctor!

FX: ANDROID CRAWLING TOWARDS HIM – 'JAW' OPENS, STARTS TO GNASH!

DOCTOR

My... what big teeth you have...

FX: GNASH! GNASH!

ESMA

(APPROACHING) Why isn't he shutting down? He's got you!

FX: DOCTOR HOLDS IT OFF

DOCTOR

(STRUGGLING) He seems to want a closer look!

ESMA

Your Salus Band – is it damaged??

DOCTOR

My what??

ESMA

Oh my (GOD) – you're not even wearing one, are you??

DOCTOR

(STRUGGLING) Esma, this is hardly the time!

ESMA

Well, I suppose it falls to me then... all this is really knocking my PB!

FX: SHE STEPS UP TO THE ANDROID

ESMA

(TO ANDROID) Hello! Are you not going to cheer for me?

DOCTOR

Esma! Get back!

FX: GNASHING

ESMA

(TO DOCTOR) He'll kill you, but not me – if I give it a good sniff of my Salus Band... (WAVES IT)

ANDROID SPECTATOR

GO ON RUNNER – (MORE CHEERFULLY) go on runner! Go on runner!

ESMA

That's better – now, back to your spectating, please.

ANDROID SPECTATOR

(STOMPING OFF) Go on runner!

FX: ESMA HELPS DOCTOR UP

DOCTOR

Thank you, Esma.

ESMA

(ANGRY) What was that?? You wanted him to kill you??

DOCTOR

Because I don't have this Salus Band of yours? Your sports watch with the unappealing pundit?

ESMA

(RUNNING) Comm-link and safety fail-safe – every runner has one, or should have one!

DOCTOR

(RUNNING) I thought this personalized racecourse must have some way of monitoring your health. Your Salus Band keeps you alive?

ESMA

(RUNNING) You don't think they'd just be killing us, do you??

DOCTOR

(RUNNING) Well, I have met people like that.

ESMA

(RUNNING) You adjust the band to let the course know how much pain you can take – so you can push yourself right to the very edge. Why don't you know this??

DOCTOR

(RUNNING) So without a Salus Band, the danger here is very real?

ESMA

(RUNNING) I'll say. I'll have to keep you out of trouble.

DOCTOR

(RUNNING) That's kind of you, Esma. But you've got me worried about my friends. I do hope they're not taking any undue risks...

SCENE 14

EXT. HILL

FX: MECHANICAL SPINNING ELECTRICAL GAUNTLET FAR BELOW

TEGAN

Now, I've seen one or two things around the universe but – what the heck is that??

MARC

Oh my... a great mechanical gauntlet...

TEGAN

Yes.

MARC

A metal cauldron of spinning lightning!

FX: CRACKLING ELECTRICITY

TEGAN

Yes, you're not helping!

MARC

It's magnificent!

RUNNER WILDTRACK

(SCREAMS FROM RUNNERS)

TEGAN

People are running right into it! They're nuts!

MARC

But see – they dive in, and emerge unscathed! Tegan, there is danger all around us, but... it's not real.

TEGAN

Looks pretty real to me!

MARC

Yes, this arena hurts us, punishes us, but it won't kill – it keeps us alive!

TEGAN

You see that sign up there? It says 'Death Spinner' – 'Death Spinner'! You want to go into the 'Death Spinner'??

MARC

I have no doubt that you're capable of this.

TEGAN

I'm going back to find the Doctor. And so are you!

MARC

I accompanied Cicero to the Colosseum once...

TEGAN

Oh, here we go!

MARC

We watched as the gladiators defied belief – bested champions, chariots, and beasts. And here, now, with this metal monster before us, we can be gladiators too. Does that not stir you?

TEGAN

No – because I'm not a crazy person!

MARC

Then, do it not to be a gladiator, but for me!

FX: MARC RUNS OFF

TEGAN

Marc! I regret this already.

FX: SHE CHASES

SCENE 15**EXT. WAR ZONE (NYSSA)**

FX: EXPLOSIONS

NYSSA

(RUNNING) Morris, why would anyone sign up for all this??

MORRIS

(RUNNING) Well Miss, these days, you're nobody unless you've run 26.2 miles while being stabbed, exploded, electrocuted..

NYSSA

(RUNNING) But you don't seem like you'd want any of those things.

MORRIS

(RUNNING) Well... if I'm honest, I just kind of wanted everybody to stop going on at me about it. Last few years, all my mates have got hooked on this self-improvement kick. Bores me silly, all this running – this obsession with Qualification – but I thought maybe me putting my name down, doing the stupid thing myself, would finally shut 'em up.

NYSSA

(RUNNING) You shouldn't have to do that. This place is dangerous!

MORRIS

(RUNNING) They'd say that it's turning me into "a better person". Stronger, faster, probably nicer looking too!

NYSSA

(RUNNING) Well, I'd say they're idiots.

MORRIS

(RUNNING) They never used to be. (BEAT) So how come you signed up?

NYSSA

(RUNNING) Oh, I'm here because of friends too – well, one in particular. He's round here somewhere, hopefully safe and sound, but – saying it out-loud – that doesn't sound much like him at all.

SCENE 16

EXT. DRINKS STATION

FX: DOCTOR AND ESMA RUNNING

ESMA

(RUNNING) Drinks station up ahead. Thirsty?

DOCTOR

(RUNNING) Not particularly!

ESMA

(RUNNING) Hydration's very important!

FX: SHE GRABS TWO BOTTLES

ESMA

(SLOWING) Here you go.

DOCTOR

(SLOWING) Thank you. (EXAMINES) Now... I was expecting water...

ESMA

(DRINKING) Juice. Helps you grow up big and strong.

DOCTOR

(SWIGS, SPITS IT OUT) Esma, what is this muck they're feeding you??

ESMA

It's healthy! You'd better get used to it – every Qualifier gets a lifetime supply – save me a fortune, that will.

DOCTOR

I don't think I've ever tasted anything as thoroughly processed! There's not a hint of nature in this bottle.

ESMA

Well, it's self-improvement, isn't it?

DOCTOR

Not a term I'm terribly fond of.

ESMA

Builds stamina, increases lung capacity...

DOCTOR

Really? And how does it do that exactly? I can't see any ingredients on the label... what kind of sports drink increases lung capacity...?

ESMA

Hey, I've been on a juice diet for the last three years and it's changed my life. Never felt better.

DOCTOR

I wish I could say the same, Esma... what's really going on here?

SCENE 17

EXT. DEATH SPINNER AREA

FX: TEGAN AND MARC MOVE TOWARDS SPINNING ELECTRICITY COLUMNS

MARC

We need to judge this very carefully...

TEGAN

You think?!

COMMENTATOR (D. - FROM LOUDSPEAKER)

From up on our comm tower, I can see that two new combatants are squaring up to the Death Spinner and its eight rotating columns of electricity! It's my favourite.

MARC

The timing of the rotation seems consistent – every three seconds... one, two...

FX: A CRACKLING COLUMN OF ELECTRICITY ROTATES PAST THEM

TEGAN

When did you become insane, Marc?

FX: FLAME COLUMN SWINGS PAST THEM

MARC

I'm going to step forward... one, two...

FX: ELECTRICAL WHOOSH

MARC

Now!

FX: HE STEPS THROUGH – HIGH VOLTAGE COLUMN SWINGS PAST, CRACKLING

TEGAN

Marc!! Are you ok??

MARC

I'm fine! Now, count and come through!

TEGAN

Ok... if you say so... one, two...

FX: ELECTRICAL COLUMN PASSES

TEGAN

And go!!

FX: SHE JUMPS THROUGH

TEGAN

There!

MARC

Tegan, the Colosseum cheers your name!

TEGAN

What can I say? I can count to three. And do you know what else I can count?

MARC

What?

TEGAN

That we have seven more spinning death sticks to get past!

FX: LOTS OF ELECTRICAL WHOOSHING UP AHEAD!

MARC

Then on we go!

SCENE 18

EXT. ELECTRO-CRAWL

FX: FIZZING SOUND UP AHEAD

NYSSA

That looks deeply unpleasant.

MORRIS

High voltage netting, you just scramble underneath, and try not to touch it!

FX: HIGH PITCHED 'BZZZZZ!'

RANDOM RUNNER

(SCREAMS)

NYSSA

High voltage??

MORRIS

Yeah, but it's not going to kill you, is it??

NYSSA

I certainly hope not!

FX: MORRIS STARTS CRAWLING

MORRIS

Look, if a big green Krybrax can squeeze through, you'll be fine.

FX: MORRIS SNAGGED - 'KZZZEERK!'

MORRIS

OW!

NYSSA

Morris!

MORRIS

I'm Ok! See? Come on!

NYSSA

Alright... I may live to regret this...

FX: SHE CRAWLS

SCENE 19

EXT. ABOVE CAVES

FX: LOTS OF RUNNERS, AND SPLASHES INTO WATER

COMMENTATOR (D.)

(VIA PASSING SALUS BANDS) That pair have dodged their way through the Death Spinner – and have reached Cross-Track B, where all our routes intersect. Now they'll have to face one of our most deadly obstacles – diving down through the sunken caves of... the Big Dipper!

FX: MORE SPLASHES

TEGAN

We've got to swim down through there??

MARC

That's what everyone else is doing!

TEGAN

No way. You've got no idea what's down there. Nah. Nope.

MARC

As you wish – see you at the finish!

FX: HE DIVES IN

TEGAN

MARC!!!

SCENE 20

EXT. ELECTRO-CRAWL

FX: NYSSA CRAWLING BENEATH NETTING

NYSSA

I have no idea why people do this to themselves – what's wrong with just reading a good book?

MORRIS

(CALLING BACK) You're doing great, Nyssa!

NYSSA

I'm trying...

FX: NYSSA GETS HER LEG SNAGGED, ELECTRICITY SURGES

NYSSA

I'm caught on something!

MORRIS

Your trouser-leg's snagged – give it a good tug!

NYSSA

(EFFORT) Really snagged. Let's see if I can...

MORRIS

If you touch that, it will hurt!

NYSSA

But not kill me? That's what you said? (REACHING DOWN) Come here...

FX: TRIES TO UNSNAG, BUT TOUCHES IT – 'KZEEEEK!'

NYSSA

(SCREAMS)

MORRIS

The pain will pass!

FX: 'KZEEEEEEK!' – CONTINUOUS NOW

NYSSA

(VERY PAINED) Are you sure about that??

SCENE 21 **EXT. ABOVE CAVE**

FX: TEGAN IS PACING, RUNNERS ARE STILL DIVING IN

TEGAN

You'd better be alright down there, Marc... you hot-headed pain in the--

FX: DOCTOR AND ESMA RUN UP OVER THE END OF THE PREVIOUS LINE.

DOCTOR

(INTERRUPTING) Ah, Tegan!

TEGAN

Doctor!

DOCTOR

You see, with a bit of help from a rotating racecourse, slow and steady can win the – (REALISING SHE'S UPSET) What's wrong – where's Marc?

TEGAN

That idiot thinks he's a gladiator in the Colosseum! He's dived down into some underwater cave!

ESMA

Ah.

DOCTOR

Ah?

FX: SUDDENLY, WITH A BIG SPLASH, MARC COMES UP TO THE SURFACE – STRUGGLING IN THE GRIP OF A ROBOTIC EEL, WHICH FLEXES MECHANICALLY AND HISSES – LOTS OF SPLASHING

MARC

(PAINED) Tegan!!

DOCTOR

Marc!!

TEGAN

What's that thing wrapped around him??

DOCTOR

(MOVING TOWARDS THE WATER) Some kind of robotic eel! It's squeezing him like a python!

ESMA

So he doesn't have a Salus either??

DOCTOR

Not the time, Esma. Marc, I'm coming for you!

FX. WE CROSS TO MARC.

SCENE 22 **EXT. BIG DIPPER (CONT.)**

FX: DOCTOR DIVES IN; MARC IS THRASHED AROUND BY THE HISSING EEL. WE CROSS TO MARC.

MARC
(SCREAMS)

TEGAN (OFF)
Hang on, Marc!

MARC
(WEAKLY, LOSING CONSCIOUSNESS) Doctor...

DOCTOR (MOVING IN)
(SWIMMING) Keep that head up!

COMMENTATOR (D.)
(VIA ESMA'S SALUS) Steward announcement: We have a serious injury in the Big Dipper area – a race investigation is now underway.

WE CROSS BACK TO ESMA AND TEGAN.

SCENE 23 **EXT. CAVE (CONT.)**

FX: KLAXONS SOUND, CONTINUE THROUGH THE SCENE.

ESMA

Ah, good, the Stewards have spotted us.

TEGAN

Stewards?

ESMA

They should disable the eel, Your friend might just make it.

TEGAN

He'd better make it!

COMMENTATOR (D.)

(VIA ESMA'S SALUS) Big Dipper Eel disabled – repair crews on standby please.

WE CROSS BACK TO THE DOCTOR AND MARC.

SCENE 24 **EXT. BIG DIPPER (CONT.)**

FX. POWERING DOWN SOUND AS THE EEL RELEASES MARC AND FALLS AWAY INTO THE GLOOM, DOCTOR IS JUST REACHING HIM.

DOCTOR

(SWIMMING) Looks like our robotic friend has had enough – give me your hand, Marc...

MARC

(GROANS)

TEGAN (OFF)

Doctor! Is he alright??

DOCTOR

(GETTING HOLD OF MARC) I certainly hope so!

CROSS BACK TO ESMA AND TEGAN.

SCENE 25 **EXT. CAVE (CONT.)**

FX: OFF, THE DOCTOR SWIMMING BACK TO SHORE.

ESMA

They'll look after him. (QUIETLY, DIFFERENT TONE) We really should get running... this is costing us so much time..

TEGAN

What did you say?? Look, I don't even know who you are! If you want to run, then go on – run! We are not going anywhere!

FX: DOCTOR HAS PULLED MARC TO THE SHORE

DOCTOR (OFF)

You two, stop arguing and help me get him ashore!

FX: TEGAN, ESMA RUSH TO HELP

TEGAN

Is he breathing?

FX: THEY HELP MARC ONTO DRY LAND

DOCTOR

Only just.

TEGAN

Out of the way – I learned CPR at flight attendant school!

FX: SHE GETS INTO POSITION ABOVE MARC

DOCTOR

Thank you, Tegan.

TEGAN

Compressions – (SHE DOES), one, two, three Come on, Marc..

DOCTOR

He's bleeding badly... half a dozen broken ribs from the look of him... Marc, can you hear me?

FX: TEGAN DOING COMPRESSIONS

TEGAN

Doctor, I've got this. You need to go and find help.

DOCTOR

Yes. Brave heart, Tegan. I'll be right back.

TEGAN

Ok. (DOES MOUTH TO MOUTH)

DOCTOR

Esma, we need first aid, oxygen - anything?

ESMA

You're in luck - here come the Race Stewards.

FX: BARRIER PULSES AS TRIO OF OFFICIALS STEP THROUGH

STEWARD

This area is under official Stewards Investigation.

DOCTOR

My friend is very badly injured - he needs immediate medical attention.

STEWARD

Sir, this is not your business. Please return to your run.

DOCTOR

I will not! My friend needs help - at once!

FX: STEWARD APPROACHES MARC

TEGAN

One, two, three - (DOES CPR)

STEWARD

Why was he not wearing his Salus Band? There would be no risk of injury with standard safety measures in place.

DOCTOR

You have a duty of care to this young man - surely you have medical facilities?

STEWARD

You will return to your race.

ESMA

(DIFFERENT TONE) Doctor, we should do as he says.

DOCTOR

I'm not leaving Marc here like this!

STEWARD

Stewards, have the injured runner moved to the nearest M-Tent – take his female counterpart to identify him. (TURNS TO DOCTOR) You, sir, will continue with your run.

DOCTOR

(ANGRY) I will do no such thing!

ESMA

Doctor, please – you're causing a scene!

DOCTOR

I'm glad!

STEWARD

You are both disqualified and will be removed from WarZone.

ESMA

WHAT??

STEWARD

(TO COLLEAGUES) Take them into custody. Arguing with an official is an automatic disqualification.

SECOND STEWARD

Yes, sir.

FX: THE STEWARDS REMOVE THEM

DOCTOR

Take your hands off me!

ESMA

I'm not even anything to do with this!

DOCTOR

Tegan!

TEGAN

Doctor – I think... I think Marc might be dead... (CALLING AFTER) Doctor, what should I do? (NO REPLY) DOCTOR!!

MUSIC: CRASH IN TITLES

END OF EPISODE

EPISODE 2

MUSIC: THEME

REPRISE – END OF SCENE 25

STEWARD

You are both disqualified and will be removed from WarZone.

ESMA

WHAT??

STEWARD

(TO COLLEAGUES) Take them into custody. Arguing with an official is an automatic disqualification.

SECOND STEWARD

Yes, sir.

FX: THE STEWARDS REMOVE THEM

DOCTOR

Take your hands off me!

ESMA

I'm not even anything to do with this!

DOCTOR

Tegan!

TEGAN

*Doctor – I think... I think Marc might be dead... (CALLING AFTER)
Doctor, what should I do? (NO REPLY) DOCTOR!!*

SCENE 26

EXT. ELECTRO-CRAWL

FX: ELECTROCUTION!

NYSSA

(SCREAMS)

MORRIS

(PANICKED) It should have cut off by now!

FX: 'BZZZZZKK!'

NYSSA

(PAINED) Do something!!

MORRIS

Where's your Salus Band??

NYSSA

(PAIN) I don't know what that is!!

MORRIS

(UNSTRAPPING) Here... take mine – catch!

FX: THROWS HIS BAND

NYSSA

(REACHING TO CATCH) Oh, oh... got it!!

MORRIS

Wear it!!

FX: KZZZZZKK!

NYSSA

(PAINED, STRAPPING) This... would be easier without... the... distractions! ('CLICK') There!

FX: ELECTRICITY STOPS

MORRIS

That was intense.

NYSSA

(CRAWLING OUT) How do you think I felt??

MORRIS

Where's your band??

NYSSA

(CRAWLING) I must have damaged it along the –

MORRIS

Nah, you snuck in, didn't you? There's no way you're a registered runner without a Salus.

NYSSA

Is... that... bad?

MORRIS

I won't tell. The Stewards love their rules, me not so much.

FX: NYSSA EMERGES

MORRIS

Take my hand.

FX: HE HELPS HER UP

NYSSA

Thank you. Here's your 'Salus Band'. (OFFERING IT)

MORRIS

Nope.

NYSSA

Nope?

MORRIS

I don't get much chance to be a gentleman, but here goes: that strap keeps you safe, so it stays on your wrist.

NYSSA

(TOUCHED) But what about you?

MORRIS

You'll just have to look after me, won't you?

NYSSA

I suppose I shall!

SCENE 27

INT. M-TENT

FX: COMPUTERISED MEDBAY; NURSEBOT FLORENCE GLIDES ON METAL RAILS

FLORENCE

Med-bay standing by...

TEGAN

(OFF, UPSET) Hey, careful with him!

FLORENCE

...stretcher party incoming.

FX: MARC STRETCHERED IN

TEGAN

(UPSET) There must be something you can do!

FLORENCE

Stewards, place the patient on the tune-up station. He has been designated a potential Qualifier – his capacity is significantly above local averages – everything must be done to preserve him.

FX: MARC IS EASED ONTO BED

TEGAN

And what the heck are you??

FX: FLORENCE SLIDES TOWARDS TEGAN

FLORENCE

Med-droid designated 'Florence' – I shall analyse your counterpart's condition.

TEGAN

Thank you!

FX: SCANNING

FLORENCE

He has life-threatening internal injuries – we will repair him.

TEGAN

Yes – do that!

FLORENCE

You are happy to grant consent?

TEGAN

Do everything, anything – just make him better!

FLORENCE

That is our intent. Please place your palm on this screen.

FX: SCREEN SLIDES OUT FROM FLORENCE

TEGAN

Ok, ok – there you go.

FX: TEGAN'S PALM IS SCANNED

FLORENCE

Permission obtained. Begin operation.

TEGAN

(EXHAUSTED) Thank you!

FX: MED-BAY ACTIVATES

FLORENCE

He will be better than before.

MUSIC: SEGUE

SCENE 28 **EXT. BACKSTAGE**

FX: DISTANT RUNNING, DOCTOR AND ESMA ESCORTED BY STEWARD AND ASSISTANTS

DOCTOR

You know, I'd really quite like to know where you're taking us.

STEWARD

You're being transported to the finish line disqualification pen, awaiting deportation.

ESMA

Deportation, incarceration, shaming – Doctor, I can't believe you've got me into this!

DOCTOR

Esma, please – there is more at stake here. (TO STEWARD) My friends – where have you taken them?

STEWARD

The combatant required advanced medical care, we are providing it.

DOCTOR

Well, that's something. But how can you let this race continue after such a serious accident?

STEWARD

Please remind yourself: the very first Marathon runner, Pheidippedes, died of his exertions...

DOCTOR

And you think that's justification for what just happened to my friend? You do, don't you??

STEWARD

The race must go on.

ESMA

Only not for us!!

SCENE 29 **EXT. WAR ZONE (NYSSA)**

FX: NYSSA, MORRIS RUNNING

NYSSA

(RUNNING) Morris, up ahead – those sparks!

FX: LOTS OF 'KZZZK' SOUNDS

MORRIS

(RUNNING) Cattle prods – nasty!

NYSSA

(RUNNING) Right, well, this is my chance to be a bit heroic –

MORRIS

(RUNNING) You sure?

NYSSA

I'll shield you! Here we go...

FX: MANY 'KZZZK!' SOUNDS, NYSSA TAKES THE HITS

NYSSA

Ow, ow, ow! Go on then, get past!

MORRIS

Thank you!

FX: HE RUNS PAST HER

NYSSA

That was... disagreeable!

MORRIS

Could have been worse – that Salus is on one of the highest safety settings!

NYSSA

Sensible man.

MORRIS

But you're still a bit of a hero to me.

NYSSA

I don't often get the opportunity!

MORRIS

Off we go!

FX: THEY RUN

MORRIS

(RUNNING) If you don't mind me saying, it's a relief to meet someone who's not been brainwashed by all this running guff.

NYSSA

(RUNNING) You think it's that bad?

MORRIS

At least you're not just banging on about your next tune-up! I feel like I don't know anyone anymore – except maybe you, and we only met today, how sad is that?

NYSSA

(BEAT) Morris, what is a 'tune-up'?

MUSIC: OMINOUS SEGUE.

SCENE 30 **INT. M-TENT**

FX: MEDICAL TECH

FLORENCE

Administering stimulant seven...

FX: TEGAN SITS AT BEDSIDE, WEAK HEARTBEAT HEARD

TEGAN

Come on, Marc... just give me something, just a little flicker. I know we haven't known each other very long, but... you can get attached to a person pretty quick, can't you? When you live through a lot.

FX: HEARTBEAT CONTINUES

TEGAN

My old Nana got like this. You think I'm fierce, you should have met her! When it happened, I was only small and I think Mum and Dad didn't want me to see her in a state. But I kicked up a proper stink, and they let me visit the hospital.

FX: HEARTBEAT CONTINUES

TEGAN

And she just looked... just shattered, absolutely worn out. I sat down and was all ready to do a big little speech, and tell her how much I was going to miss her. But here's the thing. When I sat down – straight away she reached out her hand and grabbed mine. She looked me straight in the eye and said: "Tegan, I am going to be alright". And you know what? She was. For a bit anyway. That old bird flapped her wings another six, seven years before we lost her. And I made the most of every single minute. Because it was a gift.

FX: HEARTBEAT

TEGAN

I could really do with another gift right now.

MARC

(WEAKLY) Tegan... I'm going to be alright.

FX: SPIKE IN HEARTBEAT

TEGAN

MARC! Marc, you absolute idiot!!

MARC

(SLIPS BACK INTO UNCONSCIOUSNESS)

TEGAN

Florence! He was awake, just for a moment!

FLORENCE

He is responding well to treatment – life-signs at twenty-two percent. You wish us to proceed with the self-improvement?

TEGAN

Absolutely!

SCENE 31 **EXT. BACKSTAGE**

FX: SOUNDS OF RACE VIA HUGE BANK OF SCREENS

DOCTOR

And of course it's all on television – do you think you have a big enough screen?

ESMA

(SHAMED) That's a point – my Mum will probably have seen all this...

STEWARD

Keep moving, the disqualification pen is just up ahead.

COMMENTATOR (D.)

(FROM THE SCREEN) It really is turning into a memorable race – from up on my comm tower, I can see that our unlikely pairing is still going strong!

DOCTOR

Good gracious – look at that!

ESMA

Is that... a Krybrax??

DOCTOR

You can't beat a bit of paper mache. But the woman running alongside – that is my good friend Nyssa! It looks like she's doing rather well actually...

ESMA

So how come you don't have a Salus, but she does?!

DOCTOR

I'm sorry?

ESMA

Well, look, she's wearing one!

DOCTOR

(PEERING) Oh, so she is...

FX: ELECTRICAL BUZZ OF HOLDING AREA

STEWARD

The disqualification pen – please step inside.

FX: FIELD PHASES TO LET THEM IN

DOCTOR

And if we refuse?

STEWARD

Sir, my colleagues are licensed to use force.

FX: TWO GUNS TRAINED ON THE DOCTOR

DOCTOR

It always ends with guns, doesn't it? After you, Esma.

FX: THEY STEP INSIDE, FIELD CLOSES BEHIND THEM

STEWARD

Thank you. I will return.

FX: STEWARDS WALK AWAY

ESMA

(TONE CHANGED) I can't believe we're stuck in here. I should... be... running...

FX: SHE BASHES HER HANDS AGAINST HOLDING SHIELD WHICH BUZZES GENTLY

DOCTOR

Esma, please calm down.

ESMA

(ODD TONE) PB... I needed that... personal best...

DOCTOR

(THINKING) Yes. You really did need that, didn't you?

FX: DOCTOR WALKS AROUND THE PEN, THINKING

DOCTOR

Our host – the Steward – what did you make of him?

ESMA

(CALMING) Oh...? Typical marshal... smart, officious...

DOCTOR

I know the type, but... his speech patterns – and the twitches when he moved, none of it seemed very natural.

ESMA

He's just had a bit of work done, that's all - classic upgrader.

DOCTOR

(BEAT) What do you mean by that?

ESMA

I've had a few tune-ups myself - synthetic muscles, reinforced heart valves, solid soles on your feet - anything I could afford. Worth it to, you know, be a better person.

DOCTOR

Oh Esma... what have you done to yourself?

SCENE 32 **INT. M-TENT**

FX: BETTER HEARTRATE

TEGAN

His breathing seems more regular – right?

FLORENCE

Confirmed. His strength is now at eighty-eight percent.

TEGAN

Florence, that's great! Thank you!

FLORENCE

You are welcome. You are... (SHE GLITCHES) Wel-wel-welcome..

TEGAN

You alright, Florence?

FLORENCE

We – we – we (GLITCH) will proceed. Our new target is two hundred percent.

TEGAN

(CHEERFULLY) One hundred will do nicely, thanks. Let's not get carried away.

FLORENCE

Our new target is two hundred percent.

TEGAN

Hey, now –

FLORENCE

Advancement must accelerate. Initiating Emergency Qualification – stage one.

FX: ROBOTIC SURGICAL ARMS EMERGE FROM FLORENCE

TEGAN

Oi, what do you need those butcher's knives for??

FLORENCE

You have consented to self-improvement. Two hundred percent health is the minimum requirement. He will be the first.

TEGAN

I did not consent to any of this!

FLORENCE

Incorrect. Permission has been obtained.

TEGAN

Don't you dare lay a hand on him!

FLORENCE

Stewards, remove this combatant.

FX: PAIR OF STEWARDS GRAB TEGAN

TEGAN

(EFFORT OF STRUGGLING) Get off me!!

FLORENCE

Return her to her run.

FX: TEGAN IS REMOVED AS BUZZ SAWS SPIN!

SCENE 33 **EXT. DISQUALIFICATION PEN**

FX: HUM OF ENERGY FIELD

DOCTOR

(SHOUTING) Hello! I'd like to report a race incident to the Steward please!

FX: STEWARD APPROACHES

ESMA

Here he comes.

STEWARD

(APPROACHING) What race incident, Sir?

DOCTOR

Ah, just the man. If that's what you are. Esma's been telling me about all these lovely upgrades and 'self-improvements'. Making people better? Harder, faster, stronger, that sort of thing?

STEWARD

What race incident, Sir?

DOCTOR

(CLOSE TO THE FIELD, STEELY) Steward, I've seen warning signs like this on many worlds before. Signs like you.

STEWARD

Explain yourself.

DOCTOR

This is more than just a race, isn't it?

ESMA

Doctor?

DOCTOR

(TO STEWARD) I sincerely hoped we'd not cross paths again so soon, but maybe this is for the best. Maybe I can deal with some old ghosts, face to face...

STEWARD

I have no idea what you're talking about, Sir.

DOCTOR

This whole set-up – these tune-ups, the Qualification – it's all a conscription process, isn't it? Looking for warriors with stamina, commitment, grit. A grand selection regime to create the elite force of a world gradually, voluntarily upgrading itself... into Cybermen!

MUSIC: DRAMATIC STING.

SCENE 34 **INT. M-TENT**

MARC

(WEAKLY) Ah... ah... Tegan? Tegan? Where am I?

FX: HE SITS UP

FLORENCE

You are in no hurry.

MARC

Who said that?

FX: FLORENCE SLIDES TOWARDS HIM

MARC

What... are you?

FLORENCE

I am your nurse. I have made you better.

MARC

I feel... different.

FLORENCE

Stronger.

MARC

Much stronger, but... I don't feel... like myself...

FLORENCE

You are improved. You have received partial Qualification.
Your advancements are now unique on Semotus.

MARC

I... I... (GLAZING OVER) What shall I do?

FLORENCE

Our equipment is limited here. Finish your race in order to be fully Qualified. Achieve your personal best.

SCENE 35 **INT. DISQUALIFICATION PEN**

STEWARD

I'm sorry, sir - 'Cybermen'?

DOCTOR

Now, don't be coy. We're old friends.

STEWARD

I have never heard that word before, sir.

DOCTOR

Indeed. You know, I would have thought that hijacking Marathons was a little beneath you. Sending down Cyber-Lieutenants to research Park Runs on a Saturday morning? That's rather charming.

STEWARD

Sir, I really have no idea what you are talking about.

ESMA

Doctor, are you sure you're ok?

DOCTOR

I'm absolutely fine! I'm... (TO STEWARD) Wait... you're serious aren't you? You really have never heard that word before - 'Cyberman'?

STEWARD

Never.

DOCTOR

But your technology - these upgrades - they must come from somewhere?

STEWARD

Might I ask - have you been asleep for the last decade, Sir?

DOCTOR

So it would seem!

ESMA

Doctor, I could have told you this!

DOCTOR

Told me what??

ESMA

Ten years ago, a spaceship crashed.

DOCTOR

What kind of ship?

ESMA

Unmarked, unmanned – landed in Falover Park. My Mum was gutted there was nobody interesting inside – she was queuing up to say hello! But every advancement, every synthetic, every serum that we have now, can be traced back to that ship.

STEWARD

That technology was analysed, commercialized – and now it's turning us into better people. Sir.

DOCTOR

Any Cyber-craft is equipped for local population conversion – it sounds like your people have inadvertently salvaged some very dangerous technology.

STEWARD

There is nothing "dangerous" about it.

DOCTOR

(IGNORING HIM) But if you're both telling the truth, and the word 'Cyberman' really is unheard of here on Semotus... well, firstly, shame on you for not bringing your history books along from Earth! And secondly, why are you rewarding those who qualify today with automatic upgrades? Why are you choosing to change yourselves??

STEWARD

(BLANKLY) Because... it feels right.

ESMA

(BLANKLY) Yeah, deep down, it just feels like this is what we are meant to do. Become better.

DOCTOR

Fascinating. Cyber-conversion operating on a gradual, subconscious level... without realising, you've folded Cyber-technology it into your lives – into your minds. Cybermen aren't interested in Marathons, but you've blended their insane desire to improve and dominate with your own vanity, your physical insecurity, your competitiveness. And the result is this perverse race.

ESMA

You really believe this, don't you, Doctor?

DOCTOR

Yes! And reaching the finish line, 'Qualifying' - if that's the chosen euphemism - it's the next evolutionary stage. Every runner who finishes this race will be one step closer to lining up in an actual Cyber army!

STEWARD

Please, although this is fascinating, I have duties to perform, excuse me. (WALKS AWAY)

DOCTOR

Esma...

ESMA

Doctor?

DOCTOR

We have to stop this race.

SCENE 36 **EXT. M-TENT**

FX: RACE IN THE BACKGROUND; TEGAN ARGUING WITH STEWARDS

TEGAN

I'm going to say this one more time – let me back in there.

SECOND STEWARD

Miss, you have your new Salus – please return to your run.

TEGAN

There is no way I'm doing that, when my friend is inside that tent getting butchered!

SECOND STEWARD

If you do not rejoin the race immediately, you will be disqualified.

TEGAN

Do I look like that would upset me??

FX: MARC EXITS THE TENT AND RUNS TOWARDS THE TRACK

TEGAN

Hang on... that's my guy... Marc! (TO STEWARDS) Look, gents – I'm sorry if I've been a handful, I'll get back to the running, promise!

FX: TEGAN CHASES MARC

TEGAN

(RUNS OFF) Marc! Marc – slow down!!

SCENE 37 **INT. DISQUALIFICATION AREA**

FX: HUM OF THE FIELD

ESMA

(LITTLE BLANK) There is no way you're stopping this race, Doctor.

DOCTOR

(A HINT OF ANGER) Esma, every runner on that track is racing one step closer to full Cyber-conversion. Finishing this race, Qualification – it all advances that change. This has to stop. Now.

ESMA

You're wrong. We're not like that. You're talking like we're doomed – like we've doomed ourselves – but... that's not fair, we're good people.

DOCTOR

Esma... Esma, what has being 'good' got to do with anything? I knew a good person once. He was very young, and he could be very stubborn, but he was more intelligent, more ingenious, than anyone else I've ever met. He had all the potential in the world. He... was my friend. And he died.

ESMA

Doctor, I'm sorry – (ABOUT YOUR FRIEND)

DOCTOR

The monsters you are becoming... they caused his death. And right now, another friend of mine, a new friend – is being 'cared' for by those same monsters. I'm really not ready to lose him – to lose anyone else – to them. To you.

ESMA

(UPSET) Me?

DOCTOR

I'm afraid your Cyber-conditioning is manipulating you already – behind your eyes, slowly creeping in. Ever since we met – I knew something was not quite right. And that's going to make this next part very hard for you – because I need your help.

ESMA

(UPSET) What... what can I do?

DOCTOR

I need you to give me your Salus Band.

ESMA

What? Why do you – (NEED THAT)

DOCTOR

You said the Bands serve as a comm link – well, maybe I can try to contact my friend we saw up on the screens – Nyssa. She's enjoying far more liberty than we are right now.

ESMA

(STRUGGLING) Doctor... I want to help you... and I... I do believe you... but...

DOCTOR

(MOVING CLOSER) It's the conditioning. Deep down in those synthetic muscles of yours, in the very fluids of your blood-steam – but it isn't you, Esma.

ESMA

(STRUGGLING) You are against me... I... you are against us...

DOCTOR

That's not true. You don't need the Cybermen to improve you – you're already remarkable. Esma, please – help me.

ESMA

We... I... I... ok... ok, I believe you, Doctor. (DEEP BREATH) I'll do whatever you need me to do.

SCENE 38 **EXT. WAR ZONE (MARC)**

FX: MARC RUNNING

COMMENTATOR (D.)

(VARIOUS WATCHES) Runners in Sector Y – you are two miles from the finish line! You know what that means – Qualification! So go on, grit those teeth and get to the end!

MARC

(RUNNING, FOCUSED) Two miles left... two miles left...

ANDROID SPECTATOR

Go on runner! Go on runner!

MARC

(RUNNING, FOCUSED) Two miles left... I must... finish!

MIX TO:

SCENE 39 **EXT. WAR ZONE (NYSSA)**

FX: NYSSA AND MORRIS RUNNING

COMMENTATOR (D.)

And I hope you'll all be joining me for our big event in the park after you finish – I'll be keeping you entertained as the Qualification process gets under way!

NYSSA

(RUNNING) Morris, I'll be honest – I can't stand this man.

MORRIS

(RUNNING) Me neither! I'd rather (INTERRUPTS HIMSELF) – hey, look at that fella go!

FX: SUDDENLY, INTENSELY, MARC RACES PAST THEM

MARC

(RUNNING INTENSELY) I must... finish...

NYSSA

(RUNNING) That's my friend! (SHOUTING) Marc!!

MORRIS

(RUNNING) Blimey, he's a bit quick.

NYSSA

(RUNNING) He is, isn't he? I hope he's alright...

COMMENTATOR (D.)

Come on now, all of you – let's get those teeth gritted – drive it on!

NYSSA

(RUNNING) That's it. How do I shut him up?

MORRIS

(RUNNING) Mute button – small blue on top.

NYSSA

(RUNNING) I've had quite enough of –

FX: GLITCHING SOUND

DOCTOR (D.)

(VIA WATCHES) Hello to all you runners out there – I'm afraid that I need to interrupt your regular broadcast!

NYSSA

Oh, oh! Doctor!

FX: GLITCH

COMMENTATOR (D.)

(VARIOUS WATCHES) Just a little interference there, bear with us while –

FX: GLITCH

DOCTOR (D.)

(VIA WATCHES) Nyssa, I hope you can hear me. I'm told I need the race number on your Salus Band so I can open up a private line to you!

NYSSA

(TO MORRIS) The race number – what's our race number??

MORRIS

Seven seven two five. Just click on green to talk back!

FX: NYSSA CLICKS

NYSSA

Doctor, our race number is seven seven two five! (PAUSE)
Doctor? (TO MORRIS) Do you think that worked?

FX: GLITCHING SOUND

DOCTOR (D.)

(NYSSA'S WATCH) Nyssa?

NYSSA

Doctor! I can hear you.

DOCTOR (D.)

(NYSSA'S WATCH) Nyssa, this 'WarZone' is hiding something very nasty – the slow birth of a Cyber army!

NYSSA

Cybermen?? What??

DOCTOR (D.)

(NYSSA'S WATCH) I'm very concerned about what may have happened to Marc...

NYSSA

Oh, he just ran past us!

DOCTOR (D.)

(NYSSA'S WATCH) What? He's running?

NYSSA

Running and not listening!

DOCTOR (D.)

(NYSSA'S WATCH) How did he look?

NYSSA

Very focused! He didn't even see me!

DOCTOR (D.)

Nyssa, Marc must not finish this race!

FOOTSTEPS FROM BEHIND NYSSA – IT'S TEGAN

TEGAN

(KNACKERED) Nyssa!!

NYSSA

Tegan!!

TEGAN

(CATCHING HER BREATH) You... saw Marc?

NYSSA

You just missed him! The Doctor says he mustn't finish the race!

TEGAN

(WHEEZING) Then... I'd better... catch him... somehow!

MORRIS

No chance – he was really going for it!

TEGAN

We'll see about that. Us Jovankas... are... a pretty competitive bunch!

MORRIS

If you really want to catch him, up ahead, where the track ribbons – there's a massive corner to cut. Not that I told you that.

TEGAN

(RUNNING) Thanks – it won't be my first shortcut today!

NYSSA

Wait – Tegan, the Doctor –

TEGAN

(RUNNING OFF) I'll see him at the finish line!!

DOCTOR (D.)

(NYSSA'S WATCH) Nyssa? What's going on??

NYSSA

Tegan's going after Marc! You think the Cybermen have done something to him?

DOCTOR (D.)

(NYSSA'S WATCH) That's my fear. And if he finishes, they'll do far more! For the sake of every runner out there, we have to stop this race!

NYSSA

Stop it? Doctor, there are thousands of runners, how do we...

DOCTOR (D.)

(NYSSA'S WATCH) I have a plan. But at present, I lack the freedom to implement it. Nyssa, I need you to do exactly as I say.

SCENE 40 **EXT. WAR ZONE (MARC)**

FX: MARC RUNNING, A BELL RINGS

COMMENTATOR

(VIA WATCHES) There goes the bell – one mile to go! This fella on screen looks super focused – he’s got the finish line almost in sight!

TEGAN

(OFF, RUNNING) OI! SPARTACUS!!!

COMMENTATOR

(VARIOUS WATCHES) Deplorable! A runner has just cut a huge corner – that’ll be an instant disqualification when the Stewards catch up with her!

FX: TEGAN CATCHES MARC

TEGAN

(RUNNING, KNACKERED) I feel... like I’ve spent my whole day... trying to catch up with you! Please stop running.

MARC

(RUNNING, VAGUELY CYBER) I will not stop – I will never stop... I must be my best...

TEGAN

(RUNNING) They’ve done something to you! Please – I know the Doctor can help.

MARC

(RUNNING) I have never felt better...

TEGAN

(RUNNING, KNACKERED) You’re certainly fitter, I’ll give you that!

MARC

(RUNNING) I must finish. I must improve...

TEGAN

(RUNNING) Marc – STOP RUNNING!!

SCENE 41 **EXT. COMM TOWER**

FX: UP HIGH, OVERLOOKING THE TRACK

COMMENTATOR

Look at that – now our cheat is trying to distract a committed runner! Awful behavior!

FX: FROM BEHIND, A METAL HATCH IS SLID OPEN

COMMENTATOR

What the -?

MORRIS

(CLAMBERING UP) Hello there!

COMMENTATOR

Well, this is rather exciting – it appears that a Krybrax is breaking into my comm booth! Hello, big fella!

MORRIS

Is this where I should 'roar', do you think? Be all scary like?

NYSSA

(BEHIND HIM) Come on, Morris – we don't have much time!

FX: MORRIS CLIMBS UP

COMMENTATOR

So this is for charity, is it? Commendable!

FX: NYSSA CLIMBS UP

NYSSA

Wrong. This is a hijack!

SCENE 42 **EXT. DISQUALIFICATION PEN**

ESMA

You think she can do this?

DOCTOR

Let's not underestimate her. That ingenious young man I mentioned? Nyssa beat him very regularly at chess.

FX: CRACKLE FROM ESMA'S SALUS

NYSSA (D.)

(ESMA'S WATCH) Doctor! We're in!

DOCTOR

(TO ESMA) There, what did I tell you?

NYSSA (D.)

(ESMA'S WATCH) My friend Morris is tying up the Commentator, and I've got the control panel open in front of me. It all looks... fairly straightforward actually!

DOCTOR

Only you would say that, Nyssa!

NYSSA (D.)

(ESMA'S WATCH) What do you want me to do?

DOCTOR

That comm tower is linked to every Salus Band on the racetrack – the bands that are currently stopping the course from murdering its participants. Participants that this Cyber empire (that doesn't know it's a Cyber empire) would do anything to protect!

SCENE 43 **EXT. COMMS TOWER**

FX: AS BEFORE

NYSSA

So maybe if I can send out some sort of electronic pulse – overload the Salus Bands, disable the safety fail-safes..

DOCTOR (D.)

(NYSSA'S WATCH) Then this track will pose an immediate threat to the lives of every future Cyber soldier. The system can't allow true jeopardy to the registered runners –

NYSSA

So it'll have to shut everything down! The race will be called off!

DOCTOR (D.)

Exactly! And if we're lucky, it'll let us out of this disqualification pen too!

FX: NYSSA STARTS FIDDLING WITH WIRES

NYSSA

Leave it with me, Doctor! I can do this.

CUT TO.

SCENE 44 **EXT. DISQUALIFICATION PEN**

DOCTOR

I know you can, Nyssa, I know.

ESMA

Doctor, quick the Steward's coming back!

FX: 'CLICK' OF THE DOCTOR FINISHING THE CALL.

STEWARD

(APPROACHING) You will both be transferred to WarZone head office immediately after the race.

ESMA

Head office? For a disqualification?

STEWARD

Some of your words – they have triggered an investigation from my superiors.

DOCTOR

Yes, I'm sure they have. They probably don't know why those words matter just yet – but they know they mean something.

STEWARD

Sir, after the race, you'll –

FX: BEEPING FROM STEWARD'S COMM LINK

STEWARD

(LOOKING) This is... this is most irregular...

DOCTOR

I quite enjoy 'irregular', don't you?

STEWARD

(WALKING AWAY, ON COMMS) Stewards, all safety fail-safes appear to have been disabled – can you confirm?

OTHER STEWARD

(VIA COMM) Confirmed – emergency systems have been triggered – the track is shutting down.

DOCTOR

(QUIETLY) Now, Esma, this is the fun part. Not the running, but the standing still.

SCENE 45 **EXT. COMMS TOWER**

FX: OBSTACLES POWER DOWN

TANNOY SYSTEM

(LOUDLY) WarZone is cancelled. Please leave the track immediately. WarZone is cancelled.

MORRIS

Shutdown – they’ve disabled the entire track!

NYSSA

It worked!!

MORRIS

We are going to have an awful lot of disappointed runners...

SCENE 46 **EXT. NEAR FINISH**

TANNOY SYSTEM

(LOUDLY) WarZone is cancelled. Please leave the track immediately.

RUNNER WILDTRACK

(BOOS AND GROANS FROM ANNOYED RUNNERS)

FX: MARC HAS HALTED IN THE MUD

TEGAN

(CATCHING HIM) Oh, finally – now you stop!

MARC

(TRANCE-LIKE) There it is... the finish line.

TEGAN

Marc, the race is over.

MARC

No race... to run... I... (MORE LUCID) Tegan... they've done something to me... they've...

FX: HE COLLAPSES INTO THE MUD

TEGAN

Marc? Marc??

SCENE 47 **EXT. DISQUALIFICATION PEN**

FX: THE HUM OF THE DISQUALIFICATION PEN SUDDENLY STOPS

ESMA

The energy field – it's down!

DOCTOR

Then we shall be on our way.

STEWARD

You're not going anywhere, sir.

DOCTOR

Steward, you're alone and unarmed. You know, I think that now is the perfect time for Esma and I... to go for a run! Come on, Esma!

FX: DOCTOR BREAKS INTO A SPRINT

ESMA

(CHASING) Now that, I can do!

STEWARD

Stop! Stewards!

DOCTOR

(RUNNING) I suspect your team have enough on their plate dealing with all those disgruntled runners out there, Mr Steward – best of luck!

STEWARD

(DISTANT) Do not run!!

ESMA

(RUNNING) Doctor – you did it!

DOCTOR

(RUNNING) We did it. Now, Marc can't have been too far from the finish line – we have to find him.

SCENE 48 **EXT. WAR ZONE (NYSSA)**

FX: NYSSA, MORRIS RUNNING

MORRIS

(RUNNING) So. We're running again. You sure you want to get to the finish?

NYSSA

(RUNNING) It's where the Doctor will be – and Marc.

RUNNERS TRUDGING AWAY AROUND THEM

RUNNER MIKE

(TRUDGING AWAY) Dunno why you're still running – race is off.

MORRIS

(RUNNING) Cheers mate!

NYSSA

(RUNNING) I think after this, I'll be ready for a nice sit down.

MORRIS

(RUNNING) Sounds good to me. At least I can say I tried, but it's back to the sofa for me!

NYSSA

I think that's eminently sensible.

SCENE 49 **EXT. FINISH LINE AREA**

TEGAN

(CRADLING MARC) Doctor, Doctor – over here!

FX: DOCTOR AND ESMA RUN UP

DOCTOR

Tegan! How is he?

TEGAN

(UPSET) He just collapsed!

ESMA

His eyes – what’s happened to his eyes??

DOCTOR

I’m afraid that this, unchecked, is the next step in your colony’s journey.

TEGAN

(UPSET) Doctor, I let them do this, I said they could do this – the hospital robot made him two hundred percent of himself or something!

DOCTOR

You don’t need to apologise for them, Tegan. (CROUCHING DOWN) Marc, can you hear me?

ESMA

Two hundred percent?? Wow, I’ve never been able to afford more than ten!

MARC

(CONFLICTED) Doctor... you’ve been away a while...

DOCTOR

I’m here now. Marc, you need to focus very hard. I want you to tell me about where you’re from – and where it was that I met you.

MARC

(CONFLICTED) I was born here... I am becoming... here...

DOCTOR

No, that’s not true. You are from Rome – ancient Rome.

ESMA

You what??

MARC

(CONFLICTED) I am... better... than... you... we are better...

DOCTOR

Marc!!

TEGAN

Doctor... have we lost him?

DOCTOR

(REALLY LOSING IT) WE HAVE NOT. The Cybermen took Adric - I refuse, on my lives, I refuse to let them take another friend from me. You hear me, Tegan - this is not happening, NOT TODAY. NOT EVER AGAIN.

TEGAN

(STUNNED) Cybermen?? Who said anything about - (CYBERMEN)

MARC

(CONFLICTED) Cyber... men...

DOCTOR

No! Your name is Marc. You are from the house of Cicero - a Roman statesman. You have served him faithfully since you were a boy. You are a fine, honest man.

MARC

(CONFLICTED) Cicero... I remember... the gladiators... the Colosseum...

DOCTOR

That's it - Cicero! (TO TEGAN) His conditioning hasn't quite taken hold. We need to get him back to the TARDIS. Esma, Tegan, quick, help me get him on his feet.

FX: AS THEY HELP HIM UP, NYSSA AND MORRIS ARRIVE

NYSSA

Doctor! How's Marc?

TEGAN

We have to get him back to the TARDIS!

NYSSA

But that's back at mile twenty!

MORRIS

Hey, sorry to intrude, but now that the barriers are down, there's a cut-across we can take, be there in no time!

DOCTOR

(CARRYING MARC) Come on, Marc – absolutely no time to waste.

SCENE 50 **EXT. WAR ZONE - TARDIS**

FX: SMOULDERING SOUND OF THE WAR ZONE, HUM OF THE TARDIS

NYSSA

There it is!

FX: DOCTOR HELPING MARC TOWARDS THE TARDIS

DOCTOR

(URGENTLY) Hello old girl... I'm afraid it's not been our best day. (TO THE OTHERS) Come on, quickly, let's get him inside.

MARC

(CONFLICTED) I... I... can walk...

DOCTOR

I really don't think that's wise. Nyssa, Tegan, can you help him through?

TEGAN

Sure thing, Doctor.

NYSSA

Come on, Marc...

FX: TEGAN AND NYSSA SUPPORT MARC THROUGH THE TARDIS DOORS

NYSSA

(TURNING) And Morris – thank you.

MORRIS

It was a pleasure!

NYSSA

(TO MORRIS, CARRYING MARC IN) I'm glad I got to be your hero!

DOCTOR

Esma, I'm afraid this will have to be a hasty goodbye.

ESMA

Wait, what, you're not coming out of this box?

DOCTOR

That's right.

ESMA

You really have lost your bearings!

DOCTOR

Esma, listen to me. Aborting this race, delaying the conversion process, buys you time to change your future. Today, with a little help from me, you were strong enough to break your conditioning, so it's not too late for the other runners here, and the rest of your world. You've all been changed, you've all taken your first frightening steps towards Cyber-conversion – but not so much that you can't remember what it's like to be human. Help them remember that – remember what it is to be human. Fight to stay that way!

ESMA

Doctor, you don't need to worry – I can do this.

DOCTOR

Esma. This moment right now, standing in front of me, ready to protect your people... this is your personal best.

ESMA

Thank you, Doctor.

MORRIS

And I can lend a hand too. As long as we don't have to do any more running!

DOCTOR

That's the spirit. Thank you, and good luck, both of you.

FX: HE STEPS INTO THE TARDIS, CLOSING THE DOORS BEHIND

SCENE 51 **INT. TARDIS**

FX: TARDIS ATMOS

DOCTOR

(URGENT) Right! No time to waste -

FX: HE ACTIVATES THE CONSOLE, TARDIS STARTS DEMATERIALISING

DOCTOR

Marc is going to need some (SERIOUS MEDICAL ATTENTION)

MARC

(FROM NEXT ROOM, HE SCREAMS - A TERRIFYING CYBER SCREAM!)

DOCTOR

Marc?? (TO HIMSELF) The conditioning must be more advanced than I thought...

NYSSA

(CALLING FROM ANOTHER ROOM) Doctor - Doctor!!

MARC

(SCREAMS LOUDER - TERRIFYING)

DOCTOR

(RUNNING) Today isn't done with us quite yet...

END OF EPISODE 2

52. INT. MARC'S HEAD.

FX. WE'RE IN MARC'S HEAD, THE ATMOSPHERE IS ECHOEY.

MARC:

(UNCERTAIN, SCARED) Hello? (BEAT) Can you hear me out there?
(BEAT) Anybody?

FX. SOFT, DIALLED BACK BUT GETTING LOUDER OVER THE NEXT FEW LINES, THE VOICE OF THE CYBER-MAINFRAME (WHICH IS MARC'S OWN, EFFECTIVELY, THE CONVERTED PART OF HIM GIVEN VOICE).

CYBER-MAINFRAME:

Engage. Engage. Increase mental domination of inferior lifeform. Maintain synaptic link. Decrease endorphin delivery. Engage amygdala. Release glutamate. Monitor cortisol and adrenaline levels. Fear. Fear. Fear. (THIS LATTER WORD REPEATS BECOMING MORE AND MORE DOMINANT IN THE MIX).

FX. OVER THE TOP OF THE ABOVE.

MARC:

There's someone in here with me. Someone cold. Someone made from metal. Someone who means me harm. Please help.. (BECOMING MORE AND MORE DESPERATE) Because I think I know who that person is. And I don't understand. Because how I can I fight them? (WITH REAL EMPHASIS THIS TIME) How can I fight them? (BEAT) That person is me. And I don't know what's wrong with him.. I just don't..

FX. THE SOUND OF ELECTRICITY, A MAD SURGE OF FIZZING, VIOLENT CURRENT.

MARC:

(SCREAMS)

FX. HIS SCREAM RAISES IN PITCH, ELONGATING, BECOMING SLIGHTLY CYBERISED AND BLENDING WITH THE OPENING BLAST OF PETER HOWELL'S THEME.

MUSIC: OPENING THEME

53. INT. MEDIMILL-77 SURGEON'S OFFICE.

FX. MARC'S SCREAMS, NOW COMING THROUGH A TANNOY.

MARC: (D.)
(SCREAMS)

NYSSA:
Please! You must be able to do something.

COMBATA:
Of course, very sorry.

FX. SHE REACHES OUT AND PRESSES A SWITCH. THE MOVEMENT IS SLITHERY AND TENTACULAR, COMBATA IS ENTIRELY ALIEN FROM OUR POINT OF VIEW, A MASS OF TENTACLES AND A HEAVY BODY. HER BREATHING SHOULD BE SLIGHTLY LABOURED. THE TANNOY SWITCHES OFF.

COMBATA:
There, now we can hear ourselves think, yes? That is what the humans say?

NYSSA:
I meant do something to help him!

COMBATA:
(ANGRY) I'm doing the best I can. MediMill-77 is one of the most highly-regarded medical satellites in the galaxy and I am one of the foremost surgeons in my field.

NYSSA:
(TRYING TO PLACATE) I know, Combata, I know... But to see him in so much discomfort!

COMBATA:
It is the curse of a doctor's life. We are always surrounded by pain, yes? Pain. Screaming. Bleeding... (SIGHS) and death of course. (BEAT) Hopefully we will spare young Marc one of those.

NYSSA:
(SLIGHTLY SARCASTIC) Yes, let's hope so. (BEAT) Maybe I should go in there. See if I can calm him.

COMBATA:
No! Nobody goes in there. He is to be kept in complete isolation.

NYSSA:

The problem isn't viral.

COMBATA:

So you think. Viral infection is, however, my speciality so I don't care what you say. (BEAT) Is that rude?

NYSSA:

Yes.

COMBATA:

Ah. Sorry. Humans tell me I can be. I suspect it's the lack of culturally resonant micro-expressions.

FX. THE SOUND OF SEVERAL WAGGLING TENTACLES.

COMBATA:

I can waggle my tentacles if that puts you at ease?

NYSSA:

I'm perfectly capable of interacting with species that aren't humanoid.(BEAT) So you can stop wagging.

FX. COMBATA DOES.

COMBATA:

Children love the tentacles. It makes them do that noise with their mouths.

NYSSA:

Giggling.

COMBATA:

Yes yes! It sounds like the death rattle to a Coruspod like me but I have learned to appreciate the difference.

NYSSA:

Good for you. About Marc... What are you actually doing to help him?

COMBATA:

We are a research station, not a hospital. I turned my spines on living patients a few years ago. Still... You never forget your training. I am monitoring his life signs and analysing the machine infection -- and that is what it is, whether you like it or not -- once I understand it I may be able to stop it. But it is not easy, as your doctor knew I think.

NYSSA:

The Doctor, not my doctor. Or Marc's for that matter.

COMBATA:

No. I am the doctor, at least as far as that young man is concerned. He has no other. Not after your friend left.

NYSSA:

(CONCERNED, THE DOCTOR WAS NOT QUITE HIMSELF) The Doctor had an idea. Something he thought might help..

COMBATA:

That is as maybe. But until he reappears with this notional help, Marc is entirely in my care. Yes?

NYSSA:

Our care, yes. It's not as if he just abandoned him.

COMBATA:

No. Of course not. (BEAT) It's as if he abandoned you both.

MUSIC: SEGUE.

54. INT. SHUTTLE FLIGHT DECK.

FX. THE SHUTTLE IS IN FLIGHT. THE DOCTOR FLIPPING SWITCHES.

TEGAN:

(REACT TO TURBULENCE) I hope you know what you're doing.

DOCTOR:

Tegan... I'm perfectly capable of flying an interstellar shuttle.

TEGAN:

Well, as long as you can steer it better than you can the TARDIS...

FX. THE DOCTOR STOPS OPERATING THE CONTROLS.

DOCTOR:

(IRRITATED) The TARDIS is a complex miracle of space-time engineering. This is a metal dart using a controlled explosion to propel itself. They can hardly be compared. (BEAT) Besides, it's precisely because the navigation systems on the TARDIS are a little... (THINKING OF THE RIGHT WORD)

TEGAN:

Useless?

DOCTOR:

Worn out. (HALF TO HIMSELF) Like us all. (TO TEGAN) As I say, it's precisely because of that that we borrowed this shuttle. If you were worried I didn't know what I was doing, you shouldn't have come.

TEGAN:

It's exactly why I did come. Obviously.

DOCTOR:

I'm not sure whether to be touched or insulted.

TEGAN:

So now we're both uncertain. (BEAT, THEN SURPRISINGLY TENDER) Look... We left Semotus so quickly...

DOCTOR:

There wasn't time to loiter. Not if we wanted to save Marc.

TEGAN:

But what about the others? They were all... (FLOUNDERS FOR THE WORD).

DOCTOR:

Cybernetically compromised? Yes. But not like Marc. Clearly some form of sub-routine kicked in, maybe the occupation process was taking too long. I don't know. The others will be fine. (BEAT) Probably. But Marc... (LEAVES IT HANGING)

TEGAN:

Marc? How bad is it? Talk to me, Doctor, please...

DOCTOR:

No time. If Marc has any chance at all I have to do everything I can to... to... (FLOUNDERING) There's just no time.

TEGAN:

We're flying through space. (FORCEFUL) We have time.

FX. THE DOCTOR

DOCTOR:

(HYPER, EMOTIONAL, ANXIOUS) We don't! We really don't! Because what I'm trying to do here is impossible. You can't fight a cyber conversion. You just can't. They're too deep, they're so invasive, so destructive, so... It's everything terrible about them on a microcosmic level. Invasion. Domination. Destruction. But I can't just let them do it to him. I can't. Not after... after...

TEGAN:

Adric, Doctor. You can say his name you know.

DOCTOR:

Adric. I let him down. I failed. Not again.

FX. HE STARTS FLIPPING SWITCHES AGAIN.

TEGAN:

You didn't fail. Of course you didn't. There was nothing you could do.

DOCTOR:

Of course there was! There always is!

TEGAN:

You weren't even there!

DOCTOR:

(AS IF THIS IS PROOF) I know! (PAUSE, SUDDEN CONFUSION)

FX. STOPS FLIPPING SWITCHES.

DOCTOR:

Wait, who are we talking about? Marc or Adric?

TEGAN:

The fact that you have to ask proves my point. It's not all on you, Doctor.

DOCTOR:

Isn't it? You've changed your tune.

TEGAN:

Hey! That's not fair.

DOCTOR:

(NOT AN APOLOGY) No, it isn't.

FX. A BEAT OF SILENCE, THEN MORE SWITCHES. A SUDDEN BEEPING AND A WHOOSHING SOUND.

TEGAN:

(SLIGHTLY PANICKED) What's happening?

DOCTOR:

Transmat shift. This is a medical vehicle, used for getting quickly to awkward locations, the whole ship transmats to the location once you're within range.

FX. A SOLID THUMP AND SILENCE, THE SHIP HAVING REACHED ITS DESTINATION.

DOCTOR:

We're here.

TEGAN:

That's certainly one way to park.

FX. THE DOCTOR UNBUCKLES HIS SEAT BELT. GETS UP.

DOCTOR:

You should stay where it's safe.

FX. HE WALKS OFF.

TEGAN:

Oh no you don't.

FX. SHE STORMS OUT AFTER HIM. WE CUT TO OUTSIDE.

55. INT. CONVERTED PLANET. TUNNEL. (CONT.)

FX. METAL TUNNEL. HATCH OPENING, THE DOCTOR CLIMBING OUT.

DOCTOR:

(EFFORT SOUNDS)

FX. HE JUMPS A SHORT DISTANT TO THE GROUND.

DOCTOR:

(LOOKING AROUND) Hmm... Charming.

FX. TEGAN APPEARS BEHIND HIM.

TEGAN:

Oi! You don't get to just storm off! Who do you think you are?
(EFFORT NOISES AS SHE CLIMBS OUT)

FX. SHE JUMPS DOWN.

DOCTOR:

Who do I...? (GOES TO SNAP BACK, STOPS HIMSELF.) You're right. That was rude. I'm sorry. This is all rather... Well, you know. But this really is dangerous and I don't want you with me. I can't risk another of you, surely you understand that?

TEGAN:

No, you may need me.

DOCTOR:

Please! Go back inside.

TEGAN:

No. Now get on with it, we haven't got time for talking, remember?

DOCTOR:

(SIGHS)

TEGAN:

Where are we anyway? That shuttle's as mad as the TARDIS, suddenly appearing in the most unpleasant place it can find. Is this a sewer?

FX. THEY WALK ALONG IN SILENCE FOR A COUPLE OF BEATS.

DOCTOR:

Maybe once. Not for a long time though. I wanted to find somewhere safe.

TEGAN:

That's not like you. (BEAT) I hope Nyssa's alright.

DOCTOR:

She'll be fine. She's more than capable of looking after herself.

TEGAN:

We all are, but that's not always enough is it?

DOCTOR:

(AWKWARD) I see your point. (FALSE CONFIDENCE) She'll be fine, what harm can she get into on a medical research satellite? One of the safest places in the universe.

TEGAN:

(NOT CONVINCED) I didn't take to the surgeon much.

DOCTOR:

Combata? Extremely capable. I read her paper on... On... On something. I forget to be honest. But it was good.

TEGAN:

So she can write, big deal. She seemed pretty shifty to me.

DOCTOR:

Probably just a lack of culturally resonant micro-expressions. Ask her to wave her tentacles next time, that sometimes helps.

TEGAN:

I'll bear it in mind. Where are we anyway?

DOCTOR:

The closest planet to MediMill-77 that served my purpose.

TEGAN:

Well that explains everything.

DOCTOR:

If I'm going to help Marc--

TEGAN:

(INTERRUPTING) And the rest of them. I mean... I know Marc's a priority but, well, he was hardly the only one affected.

DOCTOR:

(IMPATIENT) I know, I know! To help them all, there's really only one thing I need.

FX. HE STOPS.

DOCTOR:

Up here I think. (STARTS CLIMBING)

FX. HE STARTS CLIMBING UP A METAL LADDER. JUST A COUPLE OF FEET THEN, SLIGHTLY OFF, PUSHING A GRATING TO ONE SIDE.

DOCTOR: (SLIGHTLY OFF)

Are you sure you won't go back to the TARDIS?

TEGAN:

Just get moving, I'm right behind you. (CLIMBS) So what is it you need to help Marc?

FX. SHE CLIMBS UP AFTER HIM AS HE CLAMBERS OUT. WE CUT TO ABOVE GROUND.

56. EXT. SURFACE CONVERTED PLANET.

FX. OUTSIDE SPACE, FILLED WITH THE SOUND OF MACHINERY, THINGS CONSTANTLY MOVING, SPARKING, CLANKING, BUZZING. A WORLD OF METALLIC SOUND. THE DOCTOR GETTING TO HIS FEET, BRUSHING HIMSELF DOWN.

DOCTOR:

(SLIGHT EFFORT) Need? I need Cybermen. So I came here.

FX. TEGAN CLIMBING OUT.

TEGAN:

(SLIGHT EFFORT, THEN SHOCK) Cybermen? You idiot, Doc! Did you need this many? We're surrounded!

FX. HER LAST WORD ECHOES AS WE SEGUE TO THE NEXT SCENE AND THE INSIDE OF MARC'S HEAD.

MUSIC: DRAMATIC.

57. INT. MARC'S HEAD. (CONT.)

FX. TEGAN'S LAST WORD ECHOING. CLOSE, INTIMATE, MARC TAKES A NERVOUS BREATH, A GASP THAT CUTS OFF THE ECHO AND PLACES US RIGHT HERE INSIDE HIS HEAD.

MARC:

Tegan? Is that you? (TO HIMSELF) Don't be an idiot, Marc, of course it was Tegan, as if you wouldn't recognise her voice... (LOUDER) Tegan? Doctor? I can't see you. I can hear you but I can't... (CALLING) Doctor? Tegan? Please answer me! I'm... (SIGHS, EMBARRASSED) I'm scared and I need someone to tell me what's going on...

FX. QUIET, INSIDIOUS, THE SOUND OF THE CYBER PLANNER, GETTING LOUDER AND LOUDER.

CYBER-MAINFRAME:

What is going on? What is going on? Upgrade. Improvement. Perfection. Flesh is failure. It dies. It rots. It turns to dust. Flesh is transience. We are forever!

MARC:

(PANICKING) Doctor?! Tegan?! Nyssa?! Please... I heard you out there. Please!

FX. WE CUT TO THE NEXT SCENE.

58. INT. OPERATING THEATRE OBSERVATION ROOM. (CONT.)

FX. DOOR OPENS WITH A VACUUM HISS. NYSSA ENTERING. MARC SHOUTS, CONTINUING DIRECTLY FROM THE LAST SCENE BUT HIS VOICE NOW COMING OUT OF SPEAKERS.

MARC:

Doctor! Help me! I know you're out there! (GROANS, PASSING OUT)

NYSSA:

I wish he were.

FX. SHE MOVES UP TO AN OBSERVATION WINDOW. IT'S A FORCEFIELD SO IT HUMS AND BUZZES AS SHE MOVES CLOSER TO IT. BEHIND HER WE CAN HEAR COMBATA ENTERING, A HEAVY MASS, SLITHERING ON DRY SKIN.

COMBATA: (OFF, BUT MOVING IN.)

Careful. Go too close to the forcefield and you'll burn. I keep it at maximum crank but that means it bubbles and boils.

NYSSA:

I think Marc's passed out. The pain was probably too much.

COMBATA:

Having your biology physically re-written must be excruciating. He is very impressive, most humans would have been driven insane long before now.

NYSSA:

He thought the Doctor was still here.

COMBATA:

Ah... see? Mad. A shame.

FX. THE BUZZING SOUND OF A DRONE ENTERING.

COMBATA:

Little me. Yes yes. Hello drone.

DRONE:

Hello, yes. You are looking particularly excrescent today.

COMBATA:

Thank you, thank you.

NYSSA:

You've programmed the drones with your personality?

COMBATA:

It seems arrogant, yes?

NYSSA:

(AWKWARD) Well... Maybe a little.

COMBATA:

Other people have different opinions. That is what makes them both interesting and annoying. As I spend a great deal of time here on my own I had to weigh up options, yes? I decided that overall, I would likely kill other staff. This way I can be guaranteed to enjoy a consensual, non-combative, conversation.

NYSSA:

(THIS HASN'T HELPED HER OPINION OF COMBATA) I see.

COMBATA:

Still sounds arrogant? Oh well. Can't be helped.

FX. SHE MOVES OVER TO METAL STORAGE UNIT, PRESSING A BUTTON SO THAT A PAIR OF DOORS SLIDE OPEN.

COMBATA:

I shall suit myself and get inside.

FX. SHE PULLS OUT A HEAVY CANVAS SAFETY OUTFIT. IT CLATTERS WITH BUCKLES AND ZIPS AS SHE CLIMBS INTO IR. ALL UNDERNEATH THE FOLLOWING:.

NYSSA:

I wish you would let me go in there with you.

COMBATA:

And have two patients on my pseudopods? No thank you very not.

NYSSA:

I can look after myself.

COMBATA:

If you were in that condition? Of course you couldn't. That's why you're here.

FX. SHE'S NOW FULLY DRESSED.

COMBATA:

Right, that's me strapped in. I hate this thing, it chafes in all the unfortunate places. (SIGHS) Still, better that than be killed by a Cyber Marc... Something tells me coruspods aren't deemed viable conversion material to Cybermen. They're strictly humanoid. Bigots.

NYSSA:

You really think he could attack?

COMBATA:

From what I understand it's likely to be his prime biological imperative.

NYSSA:

Then a safety suit isn't going to help you.

COMBATA:

Possibly not. Probably not. That's why we also have drones.

FX. THE DRONE PUSHES FORWARD, THE SOUND OF WEAPONS EXTENDING FROM ITS SIDES.

DRONE:

Dual-Meson rifles. Tri-core, sub-phase charged. I could punch a hole through time itself.

NYSSA:

I do hope you won't use those unless absolutely necessary?

COMBATA:

No, no, no...

FX. SHE SHUFFLES TOWARDS THE FORCEFIELD, THE DRONE FOLLOWING.

COMBATA:

Get out now. I'm going to lower the forcefield but not until the room is cleared. Which means you. Skiddle daddle.

NYSSA:

I'll just stand back, there's no need for me to leave.

COMBATA:

There is need if I say there is. I am chief medical officer here, yes yes? So what I say goes. Out.

NYSSA:

(SIGHS) Fine... I'll watch from your office.

FX. SHE WALKS OUT, THE DOOR OPENING AND CLOSING BEHIND HER.

COMBATA:

You do what it is that you must, yes yes...

FX. SHE TURNS OFF THE FORCEFIELD. MOVES FORWARD.

COMBATA:

And I will do the same. Come on drone.

DRONE:

Yes me, yes yes.

FX. THE SOUND SUDDENLY BECOME ECHOEY, WE'RE SEGUEING INTO MARC'S PERCEPTIONS.

COMBATA:

Look at it. All meat and writhing. Poor thing. I wonder if trying to help is even kindness? Maybe it would be better dead?

FX. THE LAST WORD ECHOES AS WE CROSS FULLY INTO MARC'S HEAD.

59. INT. MARC'S HEAD.

FX. COMBATA'S "DEAD" ECHOING BUT THE WORD NOW REPEATED BY THE VOICE OF THE CYBER MAIN-FRAME. AS COMBATA'S VOICE FADES IN VOLUME, THE MAIN-FRAME'S INCREASES UNTIL IT'S LOUD AND HORRID.

CYBER-MAINFRAME:

Dead. Dead. Dead. (REPEAT, GAINING IN VOLUME BUT EMOTIONLESS)

FX. THE MAINFRAME SUDDENLY STOPS SPEAKING.

MARC:

I wish I were. Yes. Then at least there'd be no more (PAINED SCREAM)

FX. QUIET, SPOOKY, THE SOUND OF THE CONVERTED PLANET ATMOS FROM THE NEXT SCENE, MARC'S AWARENESS, PLUGGED INTO THE MAINFRAME, MEANING HE CAN SENSE WHERE THE DOCTOR AND TEGAN ARE. WE HEAR HER LAST LINE FROM SCENE 6 REPEATED IN AN ECHOEY, GHOSTLY FASHION.

TEGAN:

(SLIGHT EFFORT, THEN SHOCK) Cybermen? You idiot, Doc! Did you need this many? We're surrounded!

MARC:

(QUIET, HOPEFUL) Tegan? It was you. I know it was you. Are you still there? Tegan?

FX. A BEAT, THEN WE JUMP CUT TO THE NEXT SCENE.

60. EXT. SURFACE CONVERTED PLANET.

FX. MACHINE SOUND.

TEGAN:

Wait... Why are they not... You know...

DOCTOR:

Killing us? Because they're dormant.

TEGAN:

(RELIEF) You could have said.

DOCTOR:

This is an entirely converted planet. The Cybermen invaded, killed, slaughtered, converted and then... Off to conquests new. It's what they do.

TEGAN:

Destroying planet after planet.

DOCTOR:

Oh no, not destroying. There's no logic in that. Look around you.

TEGAN:

It's like... I don't know, what I imagine a huge car factory or something to look like. Huge machines pumping and churning out... whatever... (SHE SNIFFS) The air stinks.

DOCTOR:

Ozone and smoke and smelting. The smell of robotic industry.

TEGAN:

But what are they making? More Cybermen? You ask me they've got enough... Look at them, row after row after... I mean, how many are there here? Millions? Billions?

DOCTOR:

Yes. And all waiting for the moment. The order. The tiny computer command that activates everything and sends them on their way. Killer after killer. A swarm of silver wasps.

TEGAN:

But in the meantime they just stand there?

DOCTOR:

The Cybermen are a nomadic race, at least at this point in their history... They have little need of a home planet. What does a Cyberman do once it's conquered everything? Sit down in front of its Cybertelly and watch Cybersoaps? No... it waits. It waits until there is something else to destroy. Something else to convert. To make like them.

TEGAN:

So what are all the machines for?

DOCTOR:

Oh, some of them will be making cybernetic body parts, certainly. Ships, weapons... A lot of the converted planets are used as power resources. It takes a lot of energy to try and take over the universe. You have to get it from somewhere.

FX. HE STARTS TO MOVE.

DOCTOR:

This way I think.

FX. TEGAN MOVES AFTER HIM.

TEGAN:

So what are we looking for?

DOCTOR:

Codes. Directives. The conversion process works according to programmed sub-routines. I need to define the exact iteration of those sub-routines, what... (STRUGGLING FOR WORDS SHE WILL UNDERSTAND) What computer operating system they used if you like. If I know that, and can gain the passwords for access then I might... just might... be able to reprogram the conversion protocol.

TEGAN:

Might.

DOCTOR:

What do you want? Certainty? I'm sorry but I don't have any. This is the only plan I could think of.

TEGAN:

So we're looking for what? A computer you can access?

DOCTOR:

Some form of interaction point, yes. Anywhere I can talk to the Cyber Mainframe.

TEGAN:

Talk to them? Won't they know we're here then?

DOCTOR:

I say talk, but you know what I mean. If I can get inside the system I may be able to hack it. A little. Hopefully. (SPOTS SOMETHING) Aha!

FX. DASHES OFF.

TEGAN:

(FULL OF FOREBODING) Oh... There's no way this is going to end well.

FX. SHE DASHES AFTER HIM.

TEGAN:

(CALLING AFTER HIM) Doctor?

CUT TO NEXT SCENE.

61. EXT. CONVERTED PLANET (CONT.)

FX. WE'VE SHIFTED POSITION SLIGHTLY, WE CAN HEAR TEGAN RUNNING, OFF AND HEAR HER VOICE CALLING, BUT WE'RE WITH A PAIR OF PEOPLE WHO HAVE BEEN WATCHING THE NEW ARRIVALS.

TEGAN: (OFF)
...wait for me!

HERB:
I'm in a mood, Creasey my love. I don't mind telling you. A right mood. I could kill a kitten, my poppet, that's how cross I am.

CREASEY:
I know, Herb, I know, but try and stay calm, my petal, my trumpet, you know what agitation does to your reflux.

HERB:
I'm fair bilious already. I'm a martyr to my moods. You know how I get.

CREASEY:
I do, I do. But don't blame me when you're up all night with an oesophagus like a volcano.

HERB:
(PROPER EXPLOSION OF RAGE) But what are they doing here?!

CREASEY:
Same thing we are, stands to reason doesn't it? When we first heard about this place what did we think?

HERB:
Happy times are here again, that's what we thought.

CREASEY:
Payday my squirrel, payday. There's cash here and no mistake. Stands to reason others would hear about it and come running doesn't it?

HERB:
Well, I don't like it. It's rude.

CREASEY:
Agreed. Agreed. But the wafer-thin annoyance of beige and vanilla looks like he knows what he's doing, doesn't he?

HERB:

He has the poisonous appearance of a know-it-all, that he does.

CREASEY:

So we could shave half an hour of boot time off this job by following the pair of them and letting him do the hard work. Eh?

HERB:

Let him do all the sniffing! Oh I do love how your mind works. It's filthy.

CREASEY:

A positive sewer.

FX. SHE PRIMES A PARTICULARLY HEAVY AND PARTICULARLY LARGE LASER RIFLE.

CREASEY:

And once they've found our sweet treasures for us, we shoot them, yes?

FX. HERB PRIMES HER IDENTICAL GUN.

HERB:

We vaporise them into hissing clouds of pink steam my lusciousness.

HERB:

(LAUGHS)

FX. THE LAUGH ECHOES AS WE SEGUE BACK INTO MARC'S MIND.

62. INT. MARC'S MIND.

FX. HERB'S ECHOING LAUGHTER.

MARC:

These sounds. Voices. I don't understand..

CYBER MAINFRAME:

You are becoming one of us. You are becoming part of the mainframe. You are connected to all. Disregard the irrelevant input.

MARC:

Irrelevant? Not to me. I heard my--

CYBER MAINFRAME:

(UNEMOTIONAL BUT INSISTENT, CUTTING HIM OFF) New connections operate without sufficient filters. You are experiencing ghosting. Irrelevant input. You will focus. You will become one of us.

MARC:

No! No I won't!

FX. HIS SCREAM ECHOES AND WE SEGUE OUT INTO THE REAL WORLD.

63. INT. OPERATING THEATRE.

FX. COMBATA MOVING AROUND. THE DRONE OCCASIONALLY ZIPPING ABOUT ABOVE HER.

COMBATA:

Patient presents physiological signs of fighting a viral infection. White blood cell count is elevated. Macrophage presence bolstered by T and B lymphocytes. (BEAT) Like spitting into a volcano. The patient's body is no longer their own. Mechanised intrusion overwriting -- and improving -- extant matter.

NYSSA: (D.)

Improving? That's a matter of opinion, surely.

CUT TO.

64. INT. SURGEON'S OFFICE.

FX. COMBATA'S VOICE COMING THROUGH THE SPEAKERS IN THE OFFICE.

COMBATA: (D.)

I can tell from the scan here that the patient had a previously fractured leg. See?

FX. THE SOUND OF A TENTACLE TAPPING ON A SCREEN, ALSO DISTORTED FOR SPEAKER.

COMBATA: (D.)

The Cyber Infection encased that bone in metal. Identified a potential weakness and compensated for it. Regardless of subjective, emotional response, that leg is now improved.

NYSSA:

Stronger perhaps. Less likely to break again. But I still question your language. The leg is now no longer quite Marc's, by all reasonable definition that is a negative.

CUT TO.

65. INT. OPERATING THEATRE.

FX. NYSSA'S VOICE COMING THROUGH THE SPEAKERS.

NYSSA: (D.)

The patient has been compromised by alien matter.

COMBATA:

Tell that to a brain transplant. Medicine's job is to make the patient better, not to hold on to an archaic, unhelpful, notion of biological purity. Take the Nano-drones...

NYSSA: (D.)

They're hardly that "nano".

COMBATA:

Not my lovely other Mes... The project I'm most famous for, surprised you haven't read about it. An injection of automated nano-drones that define a species biology and make optimal changes based on a pre-set baseline. I've cured hundreds of supposedly fatal cases with them.

NYSSA: (D.)

"Optimal changes"? Subjectivity, again?

COMBATA:

Nature is subjective, yes yes. The Nano-drones are a miracle. Still room for improvement, I'm sure I could learn from Cyber technology.

NYSSA: (D.)

I'm sure you could, they both sound as invasive and morally dubious.

COMBATA:

Said by the person of privilege, luxuriating in their own good health.

NYSSA: (D.)

You understand my point though?

COMBATA:

(A BUBBLING SIGH) No, no, no... Which means I have to take steps. Drone Two?

CUT TO.

66. INT. SURGEON'S OFFICE.

NYSSA:

Steps? What sort of steps?

FX. DOOR OPENS, ANOTHER DRONE ENTERS.

DRONE 2:

Drone 2 here.

COMBATA:

Neutralise the humanoid would you? Minimal long term damage.

NYSSA:

(SHOCK) What?

DRONE 2:

Understood, me!

FX. THE DRONE MOVES FORWARD, WEAPON EXTENDING.

NYSSA:

Wait! What are you going to do?

FX. HISS OF GAS.

DRONE 2:

A neutralising gas compound. Patient will experience short term headache and memory loss on waking.

NYSSA:

(GROANS, PASSES OUT)

FX. NYSSA FALLS TO THE FLOOR.

COMBATA: (D.)

Thank you Drone Two.

CUT TO.

67. INT. OPERATING THEATRE.

FX. COMBATA LEANING FORWARD, A CREAKING AND SLITHERING OF FLESH.

COMBATA:

Now... Let us see how best to salvage this interesting and useful viral technology shall we?

FX. MARC BEGINS TO WRITHE.

MARC:

(DELIRIOUS) No! No! Mustn't touch me... Mustn't...

DRONE:

Yes yes!

MUSIC: SEGUE.

68. EXT. CONVERTED PLANET.

FX. THE SOUND OF MACHINERY, THE DOCTOR STRIDES UP TO A PANEL IN A WALL.

DOCTOR:

Now, let's see.

FX. HE STARTS TAPPING THE TOUCHSCREEN, LITTLE BLEEPS. TEGAN WALKING UP TO JOIN HIM.

TEGAN:

Great, a hole in the wall, checking your bank balance are you?

DOCTOR:

It's a remote access point for the Cyber Mainframe. Cyber Drones can use it to interact with systems if their built-in links are malfunctioning.

TEGAN:

(NOT INTERESTED) Course they can. (LOOKING AROUND) I hate this, all of them just standing around, like statues. Statues that could come to life at any minute and pull your arms off.

DOCTOR:

(NOT LISTENING) Hmmm...

TEGAN:

You're sure what you're doing isn't going to wake them up?

DOCTOR:

(NOT LISTENING) Well, quite, Tegan, quite...

TEGAN:

Hey! I said are you sure that what you're doing isn't going to wake them up?

FX. THE DOCTOR STOPS TAPPING.

DOCTOR:

As long as I'm careful. (LOADED) And concentrate.

(BEAT)

TEGAN:

You're telling me to shut up.

DOCTOR:

Well... The mathematical variations are rather complex.

TEGAN:

(WISTFUL) We all know who would have enjoyed having a go at those, don't we?

DOCTOR:

(SAD) Yes.

(BEAT)

TEGAN:

Doctor?

DOCTOR:

Yes?

TEGAN:

Did you like him?

DOCTOR:

Adric?

TEGAN:

Of course, Adric.

(BEAT)

TEGAN:

Well?

DOCTOR:

He had an amazing brain. He was enthusiastic. Inquisitive. Confident. (FLOUNDERS)

TEGAN:

Didn't think so.

DOCTOR:

(ANGRY) Why are you asking? Of course I liked him! He could be infuriating sometimes. Not least because I didn't ask him to come with me. (BEAT) I so rarely do. So yes... he could be infuriating. But then... (SLIGHTLY LOADED) Can't we all?

TEGAN:

(ALSO SLIGHTLY LOADED, TALKING ABOUT THE DOCTOR) Oh yeah, for sure. Properly infuriating. I just... (THE REAL TRUTH COMES OUT) When he died, I felt... wretched. Because all I ever really did was shout at him. Or insult him. Or dismiss him. Because, you know, he could be pretty annoying at times. I mean, he could, I don't have to apologise for saying it, he really could.

DOCTOR:

He could.

TEGAN:

But he was just a kid wasn't he? And who wasn't a bit annoying when they were young?

DOCTOR:

Well...

TEGAN:

(FRIENDLY) Come off it, you're a pain in the neck now, I bet you were insufferable as a kid!

DOCTOR:

Completely insufferable. I knew everything. At least I thought I did. Then I realised I knew nothing. Nothing interesting at least. And then... (LEAVES IT HANGING)

TEGAN:

And then?

DOCTOR:

I stole a ride so I could find things out.

(BEAT)

DOCTOR:

No wonder I found him annoying sometimes, who really likes looking in a mirror?

FX. HE STARTS TAPPING AWAY AGAIN.

DOCTOR:

Now please, Tegan, I don't know how long we have and I must try and hack into the mainframe.

TEGAN:

Yeah, fine, I won't interrupt again.

FX. HERB AND CREASEY APPEAR.

HERB:

But we might!

CREASEY:

Oh yes, we might...

TEGAN:

And who might you two be?

HERB:

The dolly pair of beauties pointing laser rifles at you, sweetheart.

CREASEY:

(FORCEFUL) So back away from the console, blondie!

FX. DOCTOR STOPS TAPPING.

DOCTOR:

(FRUSTRATED SHOUT) We don't have time for this!

FX. THE DOCTOR'S SHOUT ECHOES AS WE SEGUE INTO MARC'S CONSCIOUSNESS.

69. INT. MARC'S HEAD.

FX. THE ECHO OF THE DOCTOR'S VOICE FADING.

CYBER-MAINFRAME:

Focus! Focus! Unauthorised physiological interference taking place!

MARC:

I don't understand... What's... what's [happening]?

FX. THE NIGHTMARISH, ECHOING, DISTORTED SOUND OF A DRILL.

MARC:

(SCREAMS)

CYBER-MAINFRAME:

Emergency signal triggered. Self-defence protocols engaged..

FX. WE USE THE DRILL SOUND TO SEGUE INTO THE REAL WORLD.

70. INT. OPERATING THEATRE.

FX. THE SOUND OF AN ELECTRIC DRILL.

COMBATA:

(EFFORT SOUNDS)

FX. THE DRILL STOPS.

COMBATA:

(SLIGHTLY OUT OF BREATH) Improved indeed! I can't even scratch the surface of his upgrades.

MARC:

(WEAK, FRIGHTNEED) Please... don't...

COMBATA:

Oh no, no... I wouldn't be awake if I were you. I can't give you any more anaesthetic without killing you. But you don't want to feel what I'm doing to you, young thing. You really don't.

MARC:

Stop you...

COMBATA:

I'm afraid not, no. No stopping. I have drones here for support and you're on your own, young thing.

MARC:

My own?

FX. THE SOUND OF BEEPING. A REGULAR PULSING SIGNAL. IT'S MUTED, COMING FROM A TRANSMITTER INSIDE MARC.

MARC:

I wish. But no. Never on my own.

COMBATA:

That noise... what is that noise?

FX. THE DRONE MOVES FORWARD.

DRONE:

Sensors indicate a transmitting device implanted in his cerebellum. Naughty boy! Naughty boy!

COMBATA:

A transmitter! Transmitting what? Transmitting to where?

FX. WE ZOOM IN ON THE SOUND OF THE BEEPING SO THAT IT BECOMES LOUDER AND CLEARER, THEN A WHOOSHING SOUND AS IF WE ARE SPEEDING OFF SOMEWHERE. THEN THE APPROACHING, HEAVY, SOUND OF MASSIVE SHIP ENGINES. THEN WE CUT INSIDE THE SHIP.

71. INT. CYBER SHIP.

FX. THE SIGNAL LOUD AND CLEAR.

CYBERLIEUTENANT:

Leader, alarm signal received. Experimental conversion unit is under attack.

CYBERLEADER:

Understood. Analyse co-ordinates and report on location.

CYBERLIEUTENANT:

Yes, leader.

FX. THE CYBERLIEUTENANT MARCHES AWAY.

CYBERLEADER:

All must learn. To oppose the Cybermen is to invite destruction.

MUSIC: METALLIC, CLANGING STING.

FX. WE CUT BACK TO THE OPERATING THEATRE. MARC'S OPENING LINE DRAGGING US AWAY FROM HERE BACK TO THERE.

72. INT. OPERATING THEATRE.

MARC:

(SCREAMED) They're coming!

COMBATA:

So's supper time, young thing, so shush and let me get on. My stomachs are empty.

FX. JUST FOR A MOMENT WE DIP INTO THE DREAMY ATMOS OF MARC'S HEAD.

CYBER-MAINFRAME:

Emergency! Emergency! Full physiological control needed!

MARC:

No, you can't take me, you can't--

FX. AND WE SNAP STRAIGHT OUT OF IT.

MARC:

(SUDDENLY STRONG, EMOTIONLESS) Full control. Yes. They are coming. (EFFORT NOISE)

FX. HE GRABS AT COMBATA, A SLIGHT HUM OF HYDRAULICS, HIS CYBERNETIC ENHANCEMENTS COMING INTO ACTION.

COMBATA:

Ah! Remove your hands from my pseudopods young thing!

FX. THE DRONE ZOOMS IN.

DRONE:

No grabbing! No grabbing!

FX. A LIGHTNING QUICK WHIP OF MARC'S ARM, HYDRAULICS AND A SLIGHT WHIPCRACK. THE DRONE EXPLODES IN A SHOWER OF SPARKS.

DRONE:

Aah!!

MARC:

Inferior drone unit will not interfere.

COMBATA:

(AWE, STRAINING) Amazing! Amazing! You just punched it out of the air! How can she say this is not an improvement? How? Please don't kill me though... I would very much like to make a lot of money selling your technology...

MARC:

(SLIGHT EFFORT) Cyber technology is not for sale. It is for all.

COMBATA:

(STRAINING) Let go! Please let go!

MARC:

Discharge emergency power units.

FX. A SUDDEN FIZZ OF ELECTROCUTION

COMBATA:

(SCREAMS)

FX. COMBATA KEELS OVER DEAD, A SLIGHT SENSE OF CRISPNESS AND HISSING MARC SWINGS HIS LEGS OFF THE BED AND STARTS WALKING TOWARDS THE DOOR.

MARC:

(FLAT) They are coming. They are coming. They are coming.

FX. A CRACKLE AS HE HITS THE FORCEFIELD.

MARC:

(PAIN) Ah!!! (CONTROLLING THE PAIN) Emergency force field. This unit unable to leave. (BEAT) But it doesn't matter, does it? Because they are coming, they are coming, they are coming (REPEAT).

FX. HIS VOICE SOUNDING MORE AND MORE CYBER-LIKE WE USE IT AS A SEGUE, BLENDING WITH THE MUSIC AS WE MOVE TO THE CONVERTED PLANET.

MUSIC: SEGUE.

73. EXT. CONVERTED PLANET.

TEGAN:

What are you two doing here?

DOCTOR:

Do you know where you are? How much danger you're in?

HERB:

Of course duckie, do you?

FX. SHE FIRES. A MASSIVE EXPLOSION OF SPARKS FROM THE PANEL NEXT TO THE DOCTOR.

HERB:

Now put your hands up!

CREASEY:

Or we'll fry the pair of you!

DOCTOR:

Idiots! (SHOUTING) Idiots! You can't fire a gun like that! Not here!

HERB:

(DOESN'T BELIEVE HIM) Why?

FX. FROM ALL AROUND THE SOUND OF SURGING, CRACKLING POWER. THEN THE VOICES OF CYBERMEN, COMING FROM ALL OVER THE STEREO, BUT LAYERED, STAGGERED.

CYBERMEN:

Emergency! Emergency! Hostiles detected!

TEGAN:

Oh no!

DOCTOR:

You've woken them up! Millions of Cybermen all around us and you've woken them up!

FX. THE CYBERMEN NOW SPEAK AS ONE, A DEAFENING CHORUS.

CYBERMEN:

Hostiles detected! Eradicate them!

MUSIC: CRASH IN TITLES.

EPISODE TWO:

[CLIFFHANGER REPRISE:

*FX. FROM ALL AROUND THE SOUND OF SURGING, CRACKLING POWER.
THEN THE VOICES OF CYBERMEN, COMING FROM ALL OVER THE STEREO,
BUT LAYERED, STAGGERED.*

CYBERMEN:

Emergency! Emergency! Hostiles detected!

TEGAN:

Oh no!

DOCTOR:

*You've woken them up! Millions of Cybermen all around us and
you've woken them up!*

FX. THE CYBERMEN NOW SPEAK AS ONE, A DEAFENING CHORUS.

CYBERMEN:

Hostiles detected! Eradicate them!

END OF REPRISE, SCENE CONTINUES.]

74. EXT. CONVERTED PLANET.

FX. A GENERAL WILDTRACK OF CYBER NOISE THAT CONTINUES UNDER ALL THE FOLLOWING.

CYBERMEN: (OFF)

Eradicate!/Hostiles located!/Intruders detected! Etc.

DOCTOR:

Move! Quickly! We can't let them corner us!

HERB:

No chance of that!

FX. SHE FIRES HER GUN, HUGE POWERFUL BLASTS.

CYBERMEN: (OFF)

(A COUPLE OF RESPONSE SOUNDS AS THEY'RE SHOT)

CREASEY:

We came loaded for Cybermen!

CYBERMAN: (OFF)

Eradicate!

FX. SHE FIRES HER GUN TOO.

CYBERMEN: (OFF)

(COUPLE MORE RESPONSE SOUNDS)

DOCTOR:

Shooting at them just draws their attention.

FX. HERB FIRES AGAIN.

CYBERMEN: (OFF)

(A COUPLE OF RESPONSE SOUNDS AS THEY'RE SHOT)

HERB:

And blows their nasty little silver faces off, don't forget that.

TEGAN:

She's got a point, Doctor, their guns are making short work of the Cybermen. Besides, the Cybermen aren't armed.

DOCTOR:

(SARCASTIC) As if a Cyberman needs a gun to kill!

CREASEY:

They help!

FX. SHE FIRES.

CYBERMEN: (OFF)

(A COUPLE OF RESPONSE SOUNDS AS THEY'RE SHOT)

DOCTOR:

(SARCASTIC, DESPERATE) They don't need to visit the armoury to tear you to pieces but of course, you know best. So, fine, try and shoot a whole planet, see where it gets you. They have the numbers! Eventually there'll be so many converging on us that we have no chance!

CYBERMAN: (OFF)

Eradicate!

CYBERMAN: (OFF)

Destroy!

FX. TWO MORE SHOTS

CYBERMEN: (OFF)

(RESPONSE SOUNDS TO BEING HIT)

CREASEY:

You have a better idea?

DOCTOR:

Get me to another mainframe access point and, yes.

HERB:

Don't think we'll bother, blondie. What say we just get out of here, Creasey, my smuggle?

CREASEY:

You're on. Shoot a path to the ship and off we pop. Lacking a hold full of expensive tech but alive to fight another day.

FX. SHE FIRES ANOTHER COUPLE OF SHOTS.

CYBERMEN: (OFF)

(RESPONSE SOUNDS TO BEING SHOT)

TEGAN:

Great! And leave us to do what exactly?

HERB:

Die, cupcake, die... What do we care?

DOCTOR:

You're tech pirates, yes? Here to scavenge worthwhile technology?

CREASEY:

Obviously.

DOCTOR:

Then get us out of here alive and I'll give you time travel.

TEGAN:

You'll do what?!

DOCTOR:

Whatever it takes, Tegan, whatever it takes.

HERB:

How do we know you have the technology?

DOCTOR:

By the disgusted look on my companion's face.

TEGAN:

After everything you've ever told us about responsibility? About being careful we don't damage (SARCASM) "the web of time" and you're about to hand it over to these two psychos?

CYBERMAN: (OFF, MOVING IN)

Hostiles located! Destroy! Destroy!

FX. A COUPLE MORE GUNSHOTS.

CYBERMAN: (OFF)

(RESPONSE SOUNDS)

CREASEY:

We'd better make a decision quickly, dear, he's right, they're massing ever so quickly and my gun's already starting to overheat.

HERB:

What the hell, he's got an honest face.

CREASEY:

And if he's lied to us we can keep it in a frame, to remind us not to be so trusting ever again.

HERB:

You've got yourself a pair of escorts, blondie.

FX. TWO MORE GUNSHOTS.

CYBERMEN: (OFF)
(RESPONSE SOUNDS)

CREASEY:

So stick close and follow us!

MUSIC: SEGUE.

75. INT. SURGEON'S OFFICE.

FX. AN EMERGENCY ALARM, SOFT RATHER THAN GRATING, AN ELECTRONIC RISE AND FALL THAT IS DESIGNED TO TELL MEDICAL STAFF SOMETHING IS UP WITHOUT TERRIFYING THE PATIENTS. NYSSA WAKES.

NYSSA:

(GROGGY, DRUG HANGOVER) Urggh...

FX. THE ZIPPING AROUND OF THE DRONE.

DRONE:

Wake up! Yes yes!

NYSSA:

If you wanted me conscious, perhaps you shouldn't have gassed me.

DRONE:

The situation has changed.

NYSSA:

Is that an alarm?

DRONE:

A symptom of the changed situation.

NYSSA:

What's happening?

DRONE:

They're coming!

FX. MARC'S VOICE SUDDENLY COMING FROM THE SPEAKERS.

MARC: (D.)

They are coming!

NYSSA:

(WORRIED) Marc?

FX. SHE GETS TO HER FEET.

NYSSA:

Is he alright? What's happening? Where's Combata?

DRONE:

She's dead, killed by that psychotic friend of yours.

NYSSA:

(SHOCKED) Killed? Marc would never...

MARC: (D.)

(SCREAMING, INTERRUPTING) They are coming!!!

DRONE:

Shut up! Scary noise!

FX. THE DRONE SHOOTS THE CONTROLS. LITTLE FIZZ OF CIRCUITS.

NYSSA:

Well that wasn't very helpful!

DRONE:

Neither was listening to him! (BEAT) You can access the security monitors via that data pad anyway, if you must listen to him. But don't, he makes me want to scream.

FX. NYSSA PICKS UP THE DATA PAD, A COUPLE OF BEEPS AS SHE TAPS IT.

NYSSA:

You're a drone, why are you responding so emotionally?

DRONE:

Because I am a drone programmed with her maker's personality. We all are! It makes us better at patient interaction.

NYSSA:

I've experienced Comabata's bedside manner. It wasn't something I would program into anything.

DRONE:

I am what I am.

FX. THE DRONE ZIPS AROUND.

DRONE:

And I'm scared!

NYSSA:

(IRRITATED) Why? Who's coming?

FX. THE DRONE COMES TO A HALT RIGHT BY THE MIC, ITS VOICE LOUD AND SCARY IN THE MIX.

DRONE :

Who do you think?

MUSIC: SEGUE.

76. INT. DOCKING CORRIDOR.

FX. THE MUTED CRUMP OF A DOCKING TUBE CLUNKING INTO PLACE. THE DOOR EXPLODES OPEN, CYBERMEN MARCH IN. ENOUGH MOVEMENT TO SUGGEST A SIZEABLE PARTY.

CYBERLIEUTENANT:

As predicted, no security resistance. Readings confirmed: two organic lifeforms and a single activated drone device.

CYBERLEADER:

The experimental unit must be located at once.

CYBERLIEUTENANT:

Yes, leader.

CYBERLEADER:

The other life forms are to be eradicated.

FX. CUT TO SURGEON'S OFFICE.

77. INT. SURGEON'S OFFICE.

FX. THE CYBERLIEUTENANT'S VOICE COMING FROM THE DATAPAD.

CYBERLIEUTENANT: (D.)
Understood, Leader.

FX. A BLEEP AS NYSSA TURNS OFF THE SOUND.

NYSSA:
We need to do something.

DRONE:
We need to activate reinforcements! I'd have done it myself
but security decisions require dual confirmation. I've granted
you the clearance.

NYSSA:
How do we activate more drones?

DRONE:
Follow me! Yes yes!

FX. IT ZIPS OUT OF THE ROOM, THE DOOR OPENING TO ALLOW IT
THROUGH. NYSSA FOLLOWS.

MUSIC: SEGUE.

78. EXT. CONVERTED PLANET.

FX. THE DOCTOR, TEGAN, CREASEY AND HERB RUNNING. A GENERAL BACKGROUND NOISE OF THE CYBERMEN (WHICH CONTINUES THROUGHOUT THE OPENING OF THIS SCENE:

CYBERMEN:

Eradicate them! / Hostiles detected! / Destroy the hostiles!
Etc.

FX. COUPLE OF BLASTS FROM HERB'S GUN.

CYBERMEN:

(RESPONSE SOUNDS TO BEING SHOT)

CREASEY:

There! An access point! Whatever you're going to do, make it quick. My rifle's hotter than Herb in a dinner suit.

HERB:

Impossible!

FX. ANOTHER COUPLE OF SHOTS.

DOCTOR:

Give me thirty seconds.

FX. HIGH SPEED TYPING ON THE TOUCHSCREEN. LOTS OF BLEEPING, SLIGHTLY FASTER THAN WE WOULD REASONABLY EXPECT FROM A HUMAN.

TEGAN:

What are you doing?

DOCTOR:

They're on basic failsafe programming. New activation, defend the planet, no more complex than that.

TEGAN:

Does it need to be? They'll still kill us.

FX. TWO MORE SHOTS.

DOCTOR:

If they define us as a threat, yes. But if I can just...

FX. A FLOURISH OF TAPPING. THE SOUND OF CYBERMEN STOPS.

DOCTOR:

Stop firing! Power down your rifles.

HERB: (SLIGHTLY OFF)
That doesn't seem sensible.

CREASEY: (SLIGHTLY OFF)
Positively idiotic.

DOCTOR:
Do it! If you want us to live, do it!

FX. SLIGHTLY OFF, CLICKS OF BOTH HERB AND CREASEY DEACTIVATING THEIR RIFLES, *CLUNK* THEN A DESCENDING ELECTRONIC NOTE OF SOMETHING POWERING DOWN. A COUPLE OF BEATS. THE SOUND OF MACHINERY BUT NOTHING ELSE. THE CYBERMEN MARCH AWAY.

CYBERMAN: (SLIGHTLY OFF, L)
Hostiles no longer in evidence.

CYBERMAN 2: (SLIGHTLY OFF, R)
Return to default posts and await new orders.

TEGAN:
They're walking off, ignoring us.

DOCTOR:
According to their sensors we're no longer here.

FX. HERB AND CREASEY MOVE OVER TO THE DOCTOR AND TEGAN.

HERB:
That's actually rather clever, blondie. I may decide we should keep you.

CREASEY:
A chatty tool we pull out for the complicated jobs.

DOCTOR:
Right now we're invisible to them but that could change. We mustn't draw attention to ourselves.

TEGAN:
Should we be speaking?

DOCTOR:
Cybermen (SAID WITH DISTASTE:) "upgrade" their ears to sensors at the point of conversion. We can make as much noise as we like, but we can't power up the weapons, we can't go near high-security areas...

TEGAN:

How do we know where they are?

DOCTOR:

We don't. So it's possibly best we just stay here.

TEGAN:

We have to get back to the ship at some point.

DOCTOR:

Ah... Yes, on the subject of ships... I presume you two came in one? Might we have a lift?

TEGAN:

Why? What's wrong with the ship we came in?

DOCTOR:

I'm afraid you'll find out in a moment.

TEGAN:

Guess wha--

FX. A SLIGHT RUMBLE, THEIR SHIP BEING BLOWN UP UNDER THE STREET SOME SLIGHT DISTANCE AWAY.

TEGAN:

(ANGRY) Doctor...

DOCTOR:

I saw it on the screen. They found it.

CREASEY:

That better not have been the time ship you were offering us.

DOCTOR:

It wasn't. So you'll want to get us out of here. If you don't you'll never see the TARDIS and learn its secrets.

CREASEY:

(SIGHS) Herb, I think we can afford to be generous.

HERB:

Can we?

DOCTOR:

I did just save your lives.

TEGAN:

Don't expect gratitude for it, Doctor.

DOCTOR:

First of all I have a small job to finish.

FX. HE STARTS TAPPING ON THE SCREEN AGAIN.

HERB:

Job? What sort of job? Tucking in to some tasty tech secrets are we?

TEGAN:

If you must know we're trying to save a friend of ours. He's being turned into a Cybermen.

CREASEY:

(HUMOURLESS CHUCKLE) Converted? Dear oh dear...

HERB:

Then they're beyond helping, treacle, take our word for it.

CREASEY:

You're out here risking your lives for a dead man!

CREASEY & HERB:

(LAUGH)

MUSIC: SEGUE.

79. INT. MARC'S HEAD.

FX. DREAMY, ECHOING. WE'RE IN THE OPERATING THEATRE, WE CAN HEAR THE FORCE FIELD.

MARC:

Why can't I move? I try and move my arms and... And...

CYBER-MAINFRAME:

You are no longer in control.

MARC:

But I'm me! This is my body! How can I not be in control?

CYBER-MAINFRAME:

You are now superflous.

FX. WE CROSS OUTSIDE MARC'S HEAD INTO THE REAL WORLD.

80. OPERATING THEATRE. (CONT.)

FX. OFF, THE DOOR TO THE ADJOINING ROOM OPENS, THE CYBERMEN ENTERING.

MARC:

You are here!

CYBERLEADER:

This is the source of the alarm signal?

CYBERLIEUTENANT:

Yes, leader.

CYBERLEADER:

Excellent. (TO MARC) You are an experimental conversion, yes?

NOTE: FROM NOW ON, UNLESS SPECIFIED, MARC'S CYBERMAN PERSONALITY IS DOMINANT, HE IS, IN EFFECT, POSSESSED.

MARC:

Yes. I... I... (HIMSELF, SCREAMING) What do you mean superfluous? Why can't I move!?! (SIGHS, "POSSESSED" AGAIN) Human subject is fighting conversion. It will not succeed.

CYBERLEADER:

Of course not. Soon all of that emotion. That anger, that fear, that sadness... It will be gone. Nothing but clarity. Perfection. (TO LIEUTENANT) Destroy the force field.

CYBERLIEUTENANT:

Yes, leader.

FX. A CYBER GUN (CF. EARTHSHOCK). A PANEL ON THE WALL EXPLODES. THE FORCE FIELD TURNS OFF.

CYBERLEADER:

You are free. Soon you will be free of everything.

FX. MARC STEPS OUT OF THE ROOM.

MARC:

I do not understand. You came here just to rescue me?

CYBERLEADER:

You are part of an experimental project. The Cyber Mainframe assumed it lost. Conversion without aesthetic enhancement. You still look human.

MARC:

I do not understand why this is useful. I am vulnerable. My casing is soft. Easy to tear.

CYBERLEADER:

But you are capable of infiltrating human society. A Cyberman in all but external appearance.

MARC:

A weak Cyberman.

CYBERLEADER:

The reduction in functionality is within acceptable mission parameters. Infiltration requires trust. For humans, trust requires flesh.

MARC:

So I am worthy of salvage.

CYBERLEADER:

And retro-engineering yes. Also, this facility may be of use.

MARC:

This facility?

CYBERLEADER:

This satellite contains viral samples capable of wiping out all human life.

CUT TO.

81. INT. MAINTENANCE ROOM.

FX. LARGE STORAGE AND MAINTENANCE ROOM. NYSSA LISTENING IN VIA DATA PAD.

CYBERLEADER: (D.)

We will take those samples. We will use them.

FX. A BLEEP AS SHE TURNS OFF THE PAD.

DRONE:

They're planning to wipe out all the humans.

NYSSA:

Oh, I imagine they'd be quick to offer a cure don't you?
(SUDDEN THOUGHT) A cure...

DRONE:

Come on! We need more of me. More and more and more!

NYSSA:

(PULLING HERSELF OUT OF IT) Yes, of course. Still... It's a thought.

FX. THE DRONE BUZZES ALONG, NYSSA FOLLOWING.

DRONE:

What is a thought?

NYSSA:

Maybe the drones we need aren't as big as you.

DRONE:

Firepower! That's what we need! Here we are.

FX. THE DRONE STOPS.

DRONE:

You need to put your handprint on that panel.

FX. NYSSA DOES SO, BLEEP, THEN HUGE DOORS OPENING WITH AN ALARM SOUND.

DRONE:

Yes yes! Much, much more of me!

NYSSA:

(SHOCKED) How many drones do you have in storage here?

FX. THE SOUND OF A HUNDRED DRONES POWERING UP SIMULTANEOUSLY.

DRONE:

One hundred and one. I'm the one. (LAUGHS MADLY)

FX. THE DRONES ZIP OUT OF STORAGE.

DRONE:

Intercept the Cybermen and blow them to clanking, jangling pieces!

DRONES:

(HUGE CHORUS IN TIME) Yes yes!

MUSIC: SEGUE.

82. EXT. CONVERTED PLANET.

FX. ERROR SOUND FROM THE ACCESS PANEL.

DOCTOR:

Idiotic mainframe! Do as you're told!

TEGAN:

(SOTTO) Calm down, Doctor, you won't get anywhere by shouting at it.

DOCTOR:

Coming from you that's positively surreal.

TEGAN:

Oi! (THEN KEEPING HERSELF CALM) You're not yourself, Doctor. I understand why. Of course I do. But it's not helping Marc, or us...

DOCTOR:

Not myself? No, I suppose you would think that. But then, you don't really know me, do you? Not all of me. Not everything I've been. Everything I've been capable of. (REAL FURY) I won't let them kill him, Tegan, do you understand? I won't let them!

FX. HE STARTS TAPPING AGAIN.

TEGAN:

(SHOCKED) Doctor, I...

DOCTOR:

(INTERRUPTING) Please Tegan, just let me get on with it.

TEGAN:

(BEAT) Fine.

FX. SHE WALKS OVER TO CREASEY AND HERB, WE CROSS TO THEM AS SHE APPROACHES

HERB:

Oh look at the face on it.

CREASEY:

Fallen out with blondie?

TEGAN:

None of your business. How far is it to your ship?

CREASEY:

Ignores my question but has one of her own.

HERB:

Rude.

CREASEY:

So rude.

TEGAN:

I just want to know how long it's going to take us to get out of here!

HERB:

Five minutes at most.

CREASEY:

We landed just over there.

FX. OFF, THE SOUND OF AN ALARM SIGNAL COMING FROM THE MAINFRAME ACCESS SCREEN. WE CROSS TO IT.

DOCTOR:

Oh no.

TEGAN: (OFF)

What is it!

DOCTOR:

I triggered a security protocol. Run!

FX. WE CROSS BACK TO HERB AND CREASEY.

CREASEY:

What's the problem?

DOCTOR: (MOVING IN)

Behind you!

FX. A CYBERMAN, GRABS CREASEY. THE DOCTOR RUNNING IN.

CYBERMAN:

Threat to security identified.

CREASEY:

Get off me!

FX. THE SOUND OF HERB CHARGING THEIR GUN.

HERB:

Move your head dear, I'll soon put a stop to him.

DOCTOR:

No! Not the gun!

FX. CYBERMEN ACTIVATING ALL AROUND THEM.

CYBERMAN 2: (OFF, R)

Hostiles registered!

CYBERMAN 3: (OFF, L)

Eradicate!

CREASEY:

(DEATH SCREAM) Aaaahhh!!!!

HERB:

Creasey! No!

FX. SHE FIRES THE GUN.

CYBERMAN:

(RESPONSE TO BEING SHOT)

HERB:

You killed Creasey! You killed Creasey!

FX. SHE FIRES WILDLY. THE CYBERMEN ADVANCING. A WILDTRACK THAT CONTINUES TO THE END OF THE SCENE.

CYBERMEN:

Hostiles located! / Eradicate! Eradicate! / Protect the mainframe! Etc.

CYBERMEN:

(RESPONSE SOUNDS TO BEING SHOT, DOTTED ALL OVER THE STEREO.)

DOCTOR:

Stop it! Stop firing!

FX. SHE KEEPS FIRING, A BUILDING SOUND AS THE WEAPON OVERLOADS.

CREASEY:

You killed her! You stupid, hateful, silver men... You killed her! (RESPONSE SOUND TO THE DOCTOR TACKLING HER) Oof!

DOCTOR:

(EFFORT SOUNDS OF TACKLING CREASEY) Give me the gun, before you blow us all to atoms!

FX. DURING ABOVE, THE DOCTOR TACKLES CREASEY, THE GUN STOPS FIRING. HE WRESTLES IT OFF HER AND THROWS IT.

DOCTOR:

(BIG EFFORT OF THROWING THE GUN)

FX. IT HITS THE GROUND NEARBY.

CREASEY:

What are you doing? We need that!

DOCTOR:

Nobody ever needs guns. Now run, both of you...

FX. THEY RUN, THE SOUND OF CYBERMEN CONTINUING ALL AROUND THEM. WE CROSS TO FURTHER AWAY.

MUSIC: BRIEF SEGUE TO COVER THE CHANGE. EXCITING, MAINTAINING PACE.

83. EXT. CONVERTED PLANET. (CONT.)

FX. THE DOCTOR, TEGAN AND HERB RUNNING TOWARDS US. THE CYBERMEN SOUNDS NOW OFF, IN THE NEAR DISTANCE THE SOUND OF THE GUN GETTING LOUDER AS IT CONTINUES TO OVERHEAT.

TEGAN:

(RUNNNING EFFORT) Why are they ignoring us and going for the gun?

DOCTOR:

Right now the gun is the greatest threat.

FX. THE GUN EXPLODES.

TEGAN:

If you'd still been holding that...

HERB:

(HEARTBROKEN) They killed her, they killed my Creasey.

DOCTOR:

(BLUNT) And they're going to kill us. We need to get to your ship. Now.

HERB:

Oh, who cares?

DOCTOR:

I do. The Cybermen don't kill any more of us today. I won't allow it. And I saved your life. You owe me. So move!

TEGAN:

(REPRIMANDING) Doctor!

DOCTOR:

We haven't time. I'm sorry, but we haven't. Run!

FX. THEY RUN.

MUSIC: SEGUE.

84. INT. MARC'S HEAD.

FX. MARC IS WALKING ALONG A CORRIDOR WITH THE CYBERMEN.

MARC:

Superfluous? That's what you called me, superfluous. If that's the case then just let me go.

CYBER MAINFRAME:

Your processing is superfluous. Your flesh is useful.

MARC:

Processing? (BEAT. SHOCK) You mean my soul!?

CYBER MAINFRAME:

Processing. You are irrelevant data. Your consciousness is now obsolete. You are ghosting.

FX. WE CROSS TO THE 'REAL' WORLD.

85. SATELLITE CORRIDOR (CONT.)

FX. THE CYBERMEN STOP.

CYBERLIEUTENANT:

The viral store is located behind these doors, Leader.

CYBERLEADER:

Open it. Carefully.

CYBERLIEUTENANT:

Leader. (TO ANOTHER CYBERMAN) Micro explosive. Fragmentise the security panel.

CYBERMEN:

Yes, Lieutenant.

FX. THE CYBERMAN PLACES A SMALL, MAGNETIC BOMB ON THE METAL WALL. A BEEPING THAT SPEEDS UP FOLLOWED BY A SMALL EXPLOSION. THE DOOR OPENS.

CYBERLEADER:

Gather the viral material.

FX. OFF, A DOOR OPENS AND THE ARMY OF DRONES APPEARS.

DRONE

We cannot allow you to do that.

CUT TO.

86. INT. SATELLITE CORRIDOR.

FX. NYSSA AND THE ORIGINAL DRONE, LISTENING IN ON THE DATAPAD.

DRONE:

This will teach them! Yes, yes!

NYSSA:

You haven't experienced Cybermen before have you?

DRONE:

No, why?

FX. WE HEAR THE DRONE SPEAKING THROUGH THE TINY SPEAKERS.

DRONE: (D)

This is a Class One Medical satellite and we have full authority to police it according to interplanetary law.

CUT TO.

87. INT. SATELLITE CORRIDOR.

FX. THE DRONES ALL MOVING IN TO POSITION.

DRONE:

You will relinquish your weapons and surrender. Or we will kill you swiftly and mercilessly.

(BEAT)

CYBERLEADER:

No. Eradicate the drones.

CYBERMEN:

Leader.

DRONE:

Fire!

FX. A FLURRY OF BOTH DRONE AND CYBERGUN FIRE.

DRONE:

(PANIC) Other me! Our weapons are ineffective!

DRONE 2:

I can see th-- (SCREAMS)

FX. THE SOUND OF EXPLODING DRONES. WE CROSS TO NYSSA AND THE ORIGINAL DRONE, THE SOUND OF DESTRUCTION BECOMING DISTORTED SOUND THROUGH THE SPEAKERS.

88. INT. SATELLITE CORRIDOR.

FX. THE NOISE OF DESTRUCTION COMING FROM THE DATAPAD.

DRONE:

It's useless! Look! They are destroying all the other mes!

NYSSA:

We need a new plan.

DRONE:

(WAILING) What plan? They are going to kill us all!

NYSSA:

Take me to where Combata keeps the Nano-drones.

DRONE:

Why?

NYSSA

Because most things built to heal can be misused, that's why.

MUSIC: SEGUE.

89. EXT. CONVERTED PLANET.

FX. THE DOCTOR, TEGAN AND HERB RUNNING. 'OFF', THE SOUND OF CYBERMEN.

CYBERMAN WILDTRACK:

Hostiles detected!/Eradicate them!/Threats to security identified!

HERB:

We're nearly there.

DOCTOR:

Nearly isn't enough!

FX. THEY STOP.

HERB:

Just need to send the remote unlock code.

FX. SHE PULLS A DEVICE FROM A VELCRO-LINED POCKET.

DOCTOR:

Quickly!

FX. CYBERMAN APPROACHING.

CYBERMAN:

Hostiles must be eradicated!

TEGAN:

They're right on top of us!

FX. THE SOUND OF BLEEPING, A SCI-FI VERSION OF UNLOCKING YOUR CAR WITH A KEY FOB. SLIGHTLY OFF, THE HEAVY CLUNK AND WHIRR OF A SHIP DOOR OPENING.

HERB:

What are you waiting for? Get in!

FX. THEY RUN, WE CROSS TO INSIDE THE AIRLOCK.

90. INT. SHIP AIRLOCK.

FX. TEGAN, THE DOCTOR AND HERB RUNNING IN. CYBERMEN WILDTRACK GETTING LOUDER OUTSIDE.

DOCTOR:

All of this for nothing.

TEGAN:

You didn't get the codes?

DOCTOR:

No. It could have worked, I'm sure it could. (BEAT) But I'll never know now.

FX. HERB TAPPING A CODE ON THE WALL TO CLOSE THE DOOR.

HERB:

Who cares? We're getting out of here.

FX. A CLUNK OF THE DOOR MECHANISM AS IT PREPARES TO CLOSE.

DOCTOR:

(EUREKA!) Wait. Of course!

FX. HE RUNS OUT, JUST AS THE DOOR IS CLOSING.

TEGAN:

Doctor! Where are you -

FX. THE DOOR THUNKS SHUT.

TEGAN:

(TO HERB) Open that door again - now!

HERB:

You must be joking, dear.

WE CUT TO OUTSIDE.

91. EXT. CONVERTED PLANET.

FX. THE DOCTOR JUMPING DOWN FROM THE SHIP AND RUNNING TO AN ACCESS SCREEN. CYBERMEN SURROUNDING HIM.

CYBERMAN:

Hostile lifeform, eradicate! Eradicate!

DOCTOR:

Oh do shut up.

FX. HE STARTS TAPPING AWAY.

DOCTOR:

To think, I was once a member of the brotherhood of logicians - well, for an afternoon at least - and I didn't think to try a basic, recursive algorithm based on the Vantalla sequence.

FX. AN AFFIRMATIVE BEEP FROM THE SCREEN.

DOCTOR:

I'm in! So... First of all...

FX. ANOTHER COUPLE OF BEEPS.

CYBERMAN:

Eradicate!

FX. IT GRABS HIM BY THE SHOULDERS.

DOCTOR:

(PAINED) Ah! You really do... Have... Quite the... grip! Quickly now! Update! Update!

FX. THE SCREEN BEEPS AGAIN.

CYBERMAN:

Hostile lifeforms no longer detected.

FX. IT LETS GO OF HIM.

DOCTOR:

(RELIEF) Thank you.

FX. HE TAPS ON THE SCREEN AGAIN.

DOCTOR:

And if you could hand over all of your programming information, that would be just... (TAPERS OFF, CONCENTRATING)

FX. OFF, THE SHIP DOOR OPENS AGAIN.

TEGAN: (OFF)

Doctor! Come on!

DOCTOR:

Not just yet! I'm in! It's alright, you're perfectly safe now.

HERB: (OFF)

You've said that before.

DOCTOR:

I have full mainframe access, as far as the Cybermen are concerned we're completely invisible.

TEGAN:

You've said that before too.

DOCTOR:

I need another thirty seconds. That's all.

HERB:

You can have twenty, after that I'm leaving. On my own!

MUSIC: SEGUE.

92. INT. SURGEON'S OFFICE.

FX. NYSSA IS TAPPING AWAY ON A COMPUTER KEYBOARD. SHE FINISHES.

NYSSA:

There, that should do it. Hopefully. I think.

FX. THE DOOR OPENS, MARC AND THE CYBERMEN WALK IN.

DRONE:

Oh no! Here they are!

FX. CYBERGUN FIRE. THE DRONE EXPLODES.

DRONE:

Ah!!!

CYBERLEADER:

The human female is suitable for conversion.

MARC:

Yes. Like me.

CYBERLEADER:

Indeed. Like you.

NYSSA:

I'd rather die.

CYBERLEADER:

Perhaps, but that would be a waste of resources. You will become like us.

MARC:

Yes. Like us.

NYSSA:

Oh Marc... Can you hear me? Can you even remember me?

MARC:

Yes. Of course. You are Nyssa. You are a friend of the Doctor.

NYSSA:

So are you!

MARC:

There is an entry on in you within the cyber mainframe. You are designated an enemy of the Cybermen.

NYSSA:

Pleased to hear it.

CYBERLEADER:

Although a low-level threat. Which is why you will be converted rather than eradicated.

NYSSA:

Ah. You may need to update that entry.

CYBERLEADER:

Explain.

FX. NYSSA TAPS A KEYBOARD KEY.

NYSSA:

I've just released a nano virus on this station. The work of the surgeon you killed.

CYBERLEADER:

Explain! What is this virus?

FX. A FFFT! FROM THE AIR VENTS AROUND THEM.

NYSSA:

Nothing much, but it's already air-borne. Nano-drones, programmed to render all cybernetic organisms inert.

CYBERLEADER:

Eradicate her! Eradicate her — [now]

FX. ALL OVER THE CYBERMEN KEEL OVER.

MARC:

How have you done this? How have you...

FX. HE FALLS OVER. WE CUT TO INSIDE HIS HEAD.

93. INT. MARC'S HEAD.

FX. NYSSA'S LINE SUITABLY DREAMY.

NYSSA:

I only hope you all stay inert until the Doctor gets back.

CYBER-MAINFRAME:

How? How? How?

MARC:

(PAINED) She is clever. She is so... so... clever!

CYBER-MAINFRAME:

She is attacking you!

MARC:

And if she's... killing me... I die a free man! (SCREAMS IN PAIN)

FX. MARC'S SCREAM ECHOES. WE FADE TO SILENCE.

94. INT. AIRLOCK.

FX. THE HISS OF AN AIRLOCK DOOR OPENING.

NYSSA:

Doctor! Tegan! You're back!

FX. THE DOCTOR, TEGAN AND HERB ENTER.

TEGAN:

Nyssa! So glad to see you're OK.

DOCTOR:

If you're sure you are? I couldn't help but notice there's a Cybership docked with one of the other airlocks.

NYSSA:

We're safe for now, but my solution won't last. I effectively gave them a virus.

DOCTOR:

(SKEPTICAL) Really?

HERB:

A fatal one I hope.

NYSSA:

No. And you are?

HERB:

Wondering why you were stupid enough to leave some Cybermen alive.

NYSSA:

(RISING ABOVE IT) They're inert, but I have no doubt they'll manage to overcome it. Combata was working on a nano-drone program. I used that.

DOCTOR:

Of course! That was the paper I read... Yes, very good. Morally intolerable but terribly clever. They could be just what we need.

HERB:

Where's my time ship?

DOCTOR:

Later.

NYSSA:

Time ship?

TEGAN:

The Doctor promised Herb here that she could have the secrets of time travel.

NYSSA:

(SKEPTICAL) Really?

DOCTOR:

Yes, obviously I lied.

FX. THE SOUND OF A SMALL GUN BEING COCKED.

HERB:

I worried you were going to say that.

TEGAN:

Great, because of course a psycho like her would have a back-up gun.

HERB:

Always watch your back, love. Always prepare for the worst. Creasey was the trusting one, bless her. She's dead thanks to you, Doctor.

DOCTOR:

I didn't force you to try and steal from the Cybermen. But you are definitely alive thanks to me. So put the gun away.

HERB:

No. You'll give me what you promised, or I'll kill you.

DOCTOR:

I promised. Yes. (SIGHS) I did. Because I've... I've not been myself, as my friend has pointed out. But you can't have it. And you can't kill me either.

FX. THE GUN POWERS UP.

HERB:

Really?

FX. THE GUN POWERS DOWN.

DOCTOR:

Yes really, I slipped the gun out of your pocket and drained the power pack during the journey here. What is it someone once told me? Always watch your back? Always prepare for the worst?

HERB:

You're the most annoying man I've ever met.

DOCTOR:

Yes, I'm sure. Now, Nyssa, tell me more about these nano-drones. Where can I alter their programming?

MUSIC: SEGUE.

95. INT. SATELLITE AIRLOCK.

FX. HERB AND TEGAN WALK TO THE AIRLOCK DOOR.

TEGAN:

For what it's worth, I'm sorry about Creasey.

HERB:

(COLD, ANGRY) For what it's worth, we planned on killing the pair of you anyway.

(BEAT)

TEGAN:

Right, well, of you go and good riddance then.

FX. HERB OPENS THE AIRLOCK.

HERB:

A little advice cupcake, watch out for Blondie. I've seen how you look at him. Half doting trust, half fear. One of those is right.

TEGAN:

You don't know what we've been through. You don't know him at all.

HERB:

(COLD CHUCKLE) But do you? Really?

FX. HERB STEPS THROUGH THE AIRLOCK AND CLOSES IT BEHIND HER.

96. SURGEON'S OFFICE.

FX. A FLOURISH OF TYPING AND THE DOCTOR SITS BACK, HIS CHAIR CREAKING.

DOCTOR:

I can only hope that's enough.

NYSSA:

Doctor, you know as well as I do that thing will only--

FX. DOOR OPENS.

DOCTOR:

(INTERRUPTING NYSSA) I know, Nyssa - but what else can I do?

TEGAN:

Herb's gone. I thought you'd want to know.

DOCTOR:

(NOT INTERESTED) Hmm... (DECISIVE) Right, no time like the present. Let's see if this works!

FX. HE HITS A BUTTON ON THE KEYBOARD AND THERE IS THE FFT! OF THE NANO-DRONES BEING HUFFED OUT OF THE AIR CONDITIONING VENTS AGAIN.

CYBERLEADER:

(AS IF NO TIME HAD PASSED) [Eradicate her] now! She must be stopped.

TEGAN:

Great! You've made him better!

MARC:

Ah!!! Pain! Confusion! Emergency!

NYSSA:

The human body isn't meant to do what you've been doing.

DOCTOR:

Not without considerable stress.

CYBERLEADER:

Your appearance is familiar to us. (BEAT) You are the Doctor! The Time Lord. The liar.

DOCTOR:

Liar?

CYBERLEADER:

You have encountered our kind before. You condemn us for killing and yet kill yourself. Previously, you used my own weapon against me, but my core processing was downloaded to another Cyber-unit. (BEAT) I remember, Doctor. And now, I will kill you.

DOCTOR:

(SLIGHTLY LOADED) You remember?

CYBERLIEUTENANT:

Remember...

CYBERMEN:

(DOTTED ABOUT THE ROOM) Remember... Remember...

MARC:

(SCREAMING) Remember! Remember!

TEGAN:

What's happening?

CYBERLEADER:

(CONFUSED) I... I... Time Lord!

DOCTOR:

I rolled back the conversion software. Not the physical change of course, but the mental reprogramming, the brainwashing. If there are enough undamaged areas of the brain left, they should be beginning to recall who they were before--

CYBERLEADER:

(AGONY) Before I died! The blades! The burning! The metal in the flesh! I remember! I remember!

FX. THE VOICE ECHOES AS WE CROSS TO INSIDE MARC'S HEAD.

97. INT. MARC'S HEAD (CONT.)

MARC:

Superfluous? Never!

CYBER-MAINFRAME:

Emergency! Emergency! Irrelevant processing regaining dominance!

MARC:

Yes! And it's taking this body back!

FX. HIS LAST WORD ECHOING AS WE CROSS BACK.

98. INT. SURGEON'S OFFICE. (CONT.)

FX. THE ACTION DOESN'T STOP, PACE REMAINING FAST.

CYBERMEN WILDTRACK:

(PAINED CRIES AND SHOUTS OF "I REMEMBER!")

MARC:

(GASPS, PAINED) Doctor! Nyssa! Tegan!

FX. NYSSA RUSHES TO HELP HIM.

NYSSA:

It's alright Marc, you'll be... you'll be... (AWKWARD) Almost your old self again.

CYBERLEADER:

(THE NOISE YOU SHOULD NEVER HEAR, A TERRIFIED CYBERMAN) I remember! Help... me...

TEGAN:

Doctor! It's horrible, Doctor! Stop it!

DOCTOR:

Whatever it takes, Tegan. Whatever it takes.

CYBERLEADER:

The Doctor! The liar! (REAL SCREAM) I remember!!!!

FX. THE SCREAM REPEATS AND FADES. SILENCE.

99. EXT. CALLANNA WATERFALL.

FX. A BEAUTIFUL WATERFALL CRASHES, OFF. IDYLLIC SURROUNDINGS.

MARC:

I remember.

NYSSA:

Marc?

MARC:

Everything. The voices in my head. What it felt like to be one of them. (BEAT) So cold... I remember everything.

NYSSA:

I'm so sorry.

FX. THE DOCTOR WALKING THROUGH THE UNDERGROWTH, JOINING TEGAN, NYSSA AND MARC.

TEGAN:

There you are.

DOCTOR:

(QUIET, SAD) Yes, here I am. Well, most of me. How are you enjoying Callanna?

NYSSA:

It's beautiful. A good place for Marc to convalesce.

MARC:

I feel fine. Honestly.

TEGAN:

But you're not! Whatever it looks like, your body's still... Still...

NYSSA:

Tegan!

MARC:

(DEFENSIVE) But my mind's my own.

DOCTOR:

Yes.

(LONG, BEAT)

TEGAN:

And that's a victory is it?

DOCTOR:

It's the only one we're getting.

(BEAT)

NYSSA:

We're alive. We're safe. Let's just be glad of that.

TEGAN:

(SCOFFS)

DOCTOR:

I'm sorry. All this has been... It's been... (CAN'T THINK OF THE WORD)

TEGAN:

Yes. It has. And right now I don't know if I can even look at you.

NYSSA:

Tegan!

FX. TEGAN GETS UP.

TEGAN:

Stop sticking up for him! You always stick up for him! You didn't see what he was like on that other planet! He would have done anything!

DOCTOR:

(QUIET, ASHAMED) Absolutely anything. I couldn't have it happen again, no... not again... I just...

MARC:

(ANGRY, INTERRUPTING) Oh shut up! It's me that was affected by this. Me! But I may as well not even be here, I might as well have died, because it's not really me that you're all thinking about is it?

NYSSA:

(ASHAMED) Oh Marc...

(BEAT. AWKWARD SILENCE.)

DOCTOR:

I think we could all do with a break.

TEGAN:

It'll take more than a few waterfalls and sunsets to fix this, Doctor.

DOCTOR:

I meant from each other.

(BEAT)

TEGAN:

Oh.

DOCTOR:

This life. It's... I'm not sure it's something I should put anyone else through.

NYSSA:

But we want to be with you! It's our choice.

FX. THE DOCTOR PATS HIS POCKETS, REMOVES A CARD.

DOCTOR:

Here, Marc take this.

FX. HE DOES.

MARC:

What is it?

DOCTOR:

Money. Credit. Rather a lot of it I think. Don't buy any planets, you never know what to do with them after, trust me.

NYSSA:

Doctor, you're being ridiculous, we can't split up. Not like this.

DOCTOR:

Just for a while. I'll be back. I promise. I just need to think.

FX. HE WALKS OFF.

NYSSA:

(CALLING) Doctor!

FX. A BEAT. OFF, THE TARDIS DEMATERIALISES.

MARC:

What was that?

TEGAN:

The sound of Time Lord sulking off.

NYSSA:

(UPSET) I can't believe he did it! How does this help any of us?

TEGAN:

Hang on... (SUDDENLY FURIOUS) How is he ever going to find his way back here? (SHOUTS, LIVID) Doctor!!!

NYSSA:

Oh Tegan... What's the point in shouting? He's gone. (BEAT, THEN FLAT.) The Doctor's gone.

MUSIC: CRASH IN TITLES.